

STUDENT REVIEW

FACULTY REVIEW

AN UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE MARCH 24, 1993

However, some of the board members of the college were not converted to the liberal views of these professors and they were discharged

The question was raised many times concerning intellectual freedom among Church members.

So I left Provo and the influence of the B. Y. U., willing to reconstruct some of my girlhood ideas about the Bible, the Church, and evolution.

Nothing happened in the educational field, in my experience, which created more individual thought than the release of these B. Y. U. professors.



RALPH V. CHAMBERLIN

Professor of Biology. Got his B. S. at the U. of U. and later his Ph. D. at Cornell. A patient bug-hunter who often remembers his classes. Member of National Scientific Associations. A thorough student. Strong advocate of modern ideas and an authority on spiders and basket-ball. He sees with one eye what many do not see with two.

"A man who worked while others slept."



JOSEPH PETERSON

Professor of Psychology. Graduated from Chicago taking out his S. B. and later his Ph. D. with Magnum Cum Laude. Member of National Scientific Associations. Is older and more experienced than he looks. Strong advocate of writing. Big Author—edited the College Circular and is a favorable candidate for White and Blue representative.

"Seeks each successive day a wiser man to be."

They were

L. D. S. men of outstanding scholarship and capacity for teaching.

Prior to their discharge, one of them, Joseph Peterson, consented to give a few lectures on the Bible to a group of women. How I enjoyed them!

The question was: Are there any doctrines of the Church that are inconsistent with the commonly accepted conclusions of science?



HENRY PETERSON

Professor of Education. Dean of Teachers' College. Graduated from Chicago University and took his M. A. from Harvard, and later was an Austin scholar *ibid*. A wrinkled thinker and an advocate of high altitudes and liberality.

"Behold at his touch the old changeth into new"

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STUDENT REVIEW

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Student Review is an independent student publication serving BYU's campus community. By providing an open forum all students are equally eligible to submit articles to *Student Review*. Articles should examine life at BYU—sometimes humorously, sometimes critically, but always sensitively.

Opinions expressed in the *Student Review* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVCC, SR, or the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

20 of our Favorite Faculty (in no particular order)

- Darrell Spencer (creative writing)
- Tomi-Ann Roberts (psychology/women's studies)
- Scott Abbott (German)
- Cecilia Konchar Farr (English)
- Juliana Boerio-Goates (chemistry/honors)
- Dave Schuler (religion/anthropology)
- Chauncey Riddle (philosophy)
- Hal Miller (psychology/honors)
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- Gloria Cronin (English)
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- Eugene England (English)
- James Cannon (mathematics)
- Sam Rushforth (botany/honors)
- Sharon Swensen (theater and film)
- Mary Stovall Richards (history)
- Martha Bradley (history/American Heritage)
- Bonnie Mitchell (sociology)
- David Knowlton (anthropology)

About the Cover: In 1911, the three professors pictured on the cover were dismissed for teaching organic evolution and higher criticism of the Bible. The text accompanying the photos is taken from *A Mormon Mother*, the autobiography of Annie Clark Tanner, a student at the time of this "Crisis on Campus."

STAFF NOTES

• Staff people of the Week are Melanie Tolleson Reed, a newcomer to our copy editing staff, who is responsible for many of this issue's articles making it to layout, and Dave "Danger Boy" Seiter, who has turned the Noise page into a full-fledged section—not to mention turning his hair into a BYU fashion phenomenon.

• November '79 Friend in the News Update: Barbara Whitmire, who was living, at age nine, with her family in Thailand, is serving a mission in Washington D.C. Also, Michael Shane Vela, from Draper, Utah, is still there, attending Alta High School. The source for Michael was unsure whether he had yet learned to say his prayers without his mother's help.

• Ultra-hip, Dave Merkeley-designed *Student Review* T-shirts are selling fast. Pick up yours at Mama's Cafe, Pegasus (on 1230 N.), or from your favorite staffperson.

RELIGION

An (Almost) Uncensored Interview with Hugh Nibley

interview by Steve Sabin

SR: First of all, what research are you currently working on?

Nibley: Well, it's still the Pearl of Great Price, from the Egyptian angle. [Removes old notebooks from pocket] Here I am carrying around in my pocket elementary vocabulary. I think I know every word in Gardner, but some I might have missed. So I carry them around and review them—but when you're eighty-three, why should you go around reviewing things, as if you're going to use them forty years from now?

SR: Are you flattered to see your name in the Xerox Apocrypha?

Nibley: You mean the stuff that circulates around? No, I'm not at all flattered. No, I'm infringing on your scripture reading time.

You know, it's F.A.R.M.S. [Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies] that gets these things out; I have nothing to do with it. They don't consult me when they have a book coming out that I don't want or of which I don't approve; they just come out, and I have nothing to say about it. They do that all the time. And that last book, the one on the temple, it just floored me; it was so full of blunders and boo-boos, it was a scream. They had undergraduates editing and correcting my prose. People don't like to have their prose corrected, especially by undergraduates that sit around a table, and when you show up they always shut up.

SR: So, you've had many things published that you didn't want?

Nibley: That's true, oh yes! I went and begged those people at F.A.R.M.S. to stop these ten or eleven films [taken from my Book of Mormon class lectures]. I thought they'd just show three or four, and let it go at that; then they went on for a whole year. Then I counted the days until fifty [episodes], and then I said "Thank the Lord, we've reached fifty, this is over!" Then they started on the next year without even asking. They didn't consult me, they didn't ask me, they just put these things on. Of course when they were taken, three years ago, I never dreamed that they'd be broadcast. I certainly wouldn't have permitted it; it wouldn't have done any good. When they came in to film, I started wearing dark glasses, and so forth, and refusing to cooperate. I said, "You have no business being here." They really pay no attention. That's what a weak personality I am, I don't resist it. I've been pushed around a lot.

SR: By BYU?

Nibley: Oh, no. Not by BYU. They've sort of left me alone.

SR: What about your method of grading your classes—one final paper? Do you feel that helps the students learn?

Nibley: Well, it's saved me a lot of trouble. That's just being lazy. But I've tried other things, and this is just the best; we get some really good papers, very good papers.

SR: Do you think other methods restrict learning?

Nibley: No, no, not at all. I'm the one that's restricting the learning, actually. You notice in these broadcasts that I just talk to them. Learning is supposed to be a two-way process. All I do is sit up there and spout. The theory and purpose of a teacher is to save the students' time. No, I'm a very poor teacher as far as that goes, very poor indeed. But if a student wants to learn, it's like at BYU, we have a terrific library. There it is! Go get with it! No one's stopping you. BYU will not hinder you from learning anything you want.

SR: Do you think the quality of BYU students is improving?

Nibley: It's pretty hard to say, but it has. Yes, it has. It must've improved. With thirty-five thousand students you can't expect to be "A number 1" for the whole thing. As my daughter says, out at Harvard, they have twenty-seven hundred. She says you take the top twenty-seven hundred from BYU and they'd be better than Harvard. Yes, she's sure of that. Harvard has been greatly overrated; they've been cashing in on reputation for ages. I think it has gone up; I think it has improved.

SR: What do you think is the biggest spiritual obstacle to BYU students?

Nibley: The administration.

SR: The administration?

Nibley: Lawyers! Lawyers crawling out of the wood-work. The administration is just management. We teach

management, we practice management—that's as far as it gets. The substance is secondary. We manage what's there, but we don't supply what's there—we just manage it. So everybody and his dog wants to be a manager, just like everyone wants to be a director in Hollywood these days.

Everyone I talk to says, "I'm going to get out of law." My daughter is in law, and oh how she hates it! I'm delighted to find that I'm in a big majority in my contempt for lawyers. They're just a bunch of vultures, feeding off each other.

SR: If you could recommend any of your books to BYU students, which would it be?

Nibley: I think it would be *Nibley on the Timely and the Timeless*. I don't like the title, of course, but they wouldn't take any other. They had to put the "Hugh Nibley" in there, they said. I don't know why; I'm certainly not known. I've been here, teaching religion, for forty-six years, and I've never been asked to speak at a devotional. Shows how

what would you do?

Nibley: Well, I don't go to faculty meetings, so I don't know what's going on. Well, one change I'd make—I would turn the landscaping over to the forestry and botany department, because the stuff is done by the Physical Plant. I always see them cutting down all the trees, and that's the Physical Plant; they've been doing that for years. And I have to intervene to stop them for a while. You know, there's big money in cutting down those trees. So I've been running through the same things for years and years.

You know the nice thing about Wilkinson? You used to meet Wilkinson walking around the grounds here. Same thing with Howard McDonald. They'd come into the classroom or office and ask how people are doing, and so forth. A college president does that. But now we have our *Ivy Tower* over there, and we have the lawyers, and I have never seen one of them walking on campus. Never seen any of them on campus. Have you ever seen President Rex Lee walking around talking to students? In any other college that's what you do. It went right up until, oh, I can't remember his name. But that's when you stopped seeing the President. Gee, I've got to get more sleep if I'm going to remember everything.

SR: Do you not get much sleep?

Nibley: I do not. I should say I don't!

SR: How much sleep do you average?

Nibley: Well, yesterday, at three o'clock in the morning somebody called from Sydney, Australia. An astrologer. He wanted to talk about things—he was an engineer. He talked, and talked, and talked. I couldn't get to sleep after that. Last night I got into an article I liked very much, and I kept reading it until two o'clock. But I had to be here at eight o'clock. Why did I have to be here at eight o'clock? No, I don't get enough sleep.

SR: So what do you think of the new Joseph Smith Building?

Nibley: Oh, it's a monstrosity! That's architecturally speaking. It may be functional and so forth, but it's as ugly as the other one was beautiful. I liked the other one—it was a real prize-winner.

SR: Is BYU a prototype of Zion?

Nibley: Well you should've gone to the symposium last week—it was all about that. Education in Zion. I'm sure you'll be able to buy the tapes from F.A.R.M.S. We talked for four hours on just that subject. Chauncey [Riddle] talked very well—a wonderful talk. And Arthur Henry King gave us his usual salty spin on the subject—he's a character.

SR: What are your days like now?

Nibley: My days? Oh, I'm slowing down. I can't work around the clock anymore. But the days are happier than they ever were before. When you're preaching the Gospel, you're happy anyway. I'm not beset by the saucy doubts and fears that might confront an English major. This fear of mortality, it obsesses literary students. It makes them usually very sour.

SR: That's interesting; I'm an English major.

Nibley: Yeah, I know, and they have a hard time. My son was an English major, and he lost his testimony because of the English major. Oh, sure. Yeah, they do it regularly. They get rather cynical, rather skeptical. Well, he really didn't lose his testimony over it; he really does believe it.

SR: Well, I appreciate your time...

Nibley: Well, I haven't told you anything of the slightest value.

SR: If you could give a final piece of advice to BYU students, what would it be?

Nibley: Go fast! Go fast. If you're studying a language, move fast. Whatever you're studying, go fast. You can go back and review later on. We take too much time; we go too slowly. The good teachers are always the ones that push you and make you go fast.

SR: I'm certainly not known. I've been here, teaching religion, for forty-six years, and I've never been asked to speak at a devotional."

popular I am.

SR: So which of your books do you feel is your worst?

Nibley: Oh! I think by far the one called *Sounding Brassy*. I was asked to write that. The brethren came down and asked me. They said I was assigned to write that. And I hated every minute of it, because it's such an unpleasant subject. There was nothing pleasant about it; I didn't like it at all.

SR: I think you made some valid points in the book, however.

Nibley: Yeah, well I had to do something. But that was the one I was ordered to write.

SR: Who "ordered" you?

Nibley: Well, Brother Richard L. Evans and Mark Peterson. They came down, they sat down in my office, and they said "You will write that book!" That was it. For some reason that was something I found very distasteful.

SR: So, what, if anything, really gets on your nerves?

Nibley: Lawyers. The whole idea that they set up. They set up the game, and then they referee the game, and then they move the goalposts whenever they feel like it. They're in complete control. Everybody else in government has limited power, but not a judge. He's not to question; he gets to the top, and that's that. And he generally doesn't know the first thing about the judgment he's passing, yet he changes the lives of millions of people. Some of those knot-heads, like Scalia, I've heard him give the silliest, most soft, moronic speeches in the world, and he's a Justice on the Supreme Court. And for that matter, Rehnquist. He gave a graduation commencement address at a school back east; it was awful. I thought the guy was just plain ignorant.

SR: If you had the power to make any changes at BYU,

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Learning to Love BECAUSE of Difference

George H. SCHOEMAKER
INSTRUCTOR OF ENGLISH

In 1990, I spent several months engaged in dissertation research and fieldwork in France. For someone in my academic discipline, it is a rite of passage, a symbolic transformation of an old self into a new self. In a sense it permits me to share in experiences with those fieldworkers who have gone before me, and yet, I possess experiences of my own which are both different from theirs and sacred to me.

The fieldwork experience in general is an interesting one. It tends to telescope and intensify the emotions, memories and senses. And so it was on a long train ride from Lyon to Bordeaux that my memories were filled with the images and

feelings of another rite of passage which I had undertaken 12 years earlier, as a missionary for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

It has always been amazing to me how certain people become permanent fixtures of a landscape, in particular those who are homeless, the street people. When my father and I would go to hockey games in Toronto, I used to notice these people huddled over a fire in a garbage can, trying to stay warm. These images stayed with me as a young boy and, as funny as it might seem, I wanted to live like them, to feel what they were feeling, to perceive and see the world through their eyes. Grown-ups called them bums, officials called them transients, but I didn't understand what those labels meant. As a young boy, I would ask myself, what circumstances had brought about the present state of these people? Where were their parents? Did they not have anyone to love or to love them?

When I was in France and Switzerland during my mission, I encountered them on the streets. They never looked into the faces of oncoming strangers, even when they were begging for money. There was a certain shame which was difficult for them to conceal. I was quick to blame them for their own misfortune. In my self-righteous attitude I quickly concluded that if they only lived the Word of Wisdom and the commandments, they would never be in such circumstances. After all, there wasn't anything

that couldn't be solved with the application of the principles of the Gospel. Right? I had been taught that people were responsible for their own circumstances, that making goals prevented failings of this kind.

I came to the realization, however, that reality is a lot more complex and a lot more ambivalent than were my conclusions based upon these principles. Sometimes there are circumstances which transcend one's personal control, and very little will change that.

"This notion of loving because of difference...is also prevalent when we are confronted with difference in the Church. While we may not have much ethnic or cultural diversity in the wards at BYU or in Utah, there is surprisingly much ideological diversity."

While I was in Fribourg, Switzerland, I became attached to a certain transient and I decided to do something quite out of the ordinary as far as missionary work was concerned. I had always found it difficult to understand why we as missionaries only targeted those families and individuals who were of a certain socio-economic status, namely the lower-middle to upper classes. What about those who really needed the gospel; the poor, the homeless, the downtrodden, the drug addicts, and so forth?

We decided to approach one man and try to convince him to come to our apartment for a hot meal and some old clothes. As it turned out, he spoke Swiss-German, a dialect which neither of us were familiar with. The next day, we followed him to his residence and noted the location. While he was out on his rounds, we left him some groceries and a bag of clothing. Several days later we saw him on the street coming towards us. He was wearing some of the clothes we had left him and as we passed each other, nothing was said, not a word. But unashamed he looked me in the face, into my eyes as if to communicate a heart-filled thank you. For the first time in my stay in Fribourg, I felt that I had reached someone and communicated to him the essence of the gospel of Jesus Christ. For the first time since my childhood I believe I had caught a glimpse of what it meant to be God-like, to be love-like. This man probably never became a member of the

Church, and frankly I didn't care, because it was more important to me to let him know that there were people who actually loved and cared enough to add some kind of meaning to his existence.

I have reflected on that experience many times since returning home. I have wondered why it is so difficult for people in general to truly understand other people and to demonstrate that godly quality of love. On a social level, it might be that we are all culturally "near-sighted," that is, our perceptions of other people from different cultures, religions, or classes are formulated by filtering them through "Mormon Spectacles," and we see things in terms of our own view of the world and not from the point of view of another person. How can we truly understand other people unless

we enter their world view, unless we wear their shoes, unless we become empathetic?

Part of the reason for our nearsighted view of the world may be due to the fact that we know little about people who are DIFFERENT. We don't want to know because what could we possibly learn from individuals or cultures which are inferior to our own. This is the very attitude I possessed when I was in Fribourg, Switzerland. I had already tried the people of that city and judged them to be guilty; guilty of not measuring up to the standards of my church and my country. There is a word for this: it is called prejudice. How could I expect to understand the French or Swiss people with such an attitude? How can we expect to become God-like, to become the embodiment of love, to attain perfect love with attitudes such as these?

The example of Christ is one that we can follow. He spoke of loving the Samaritans, of loving the least of these his brethren, of loving Jew and Gentile alike. Perhaps we will render a judgment on another person, as I did, simply because of the color of his skin, his socio-economic status, his religious affiliation, his funny accent and strange customs. Perhaps we will render judgment on Mohammed, Buddha, Confucius, Martin Luther, Lao Tsu, Joseph Smith III, and their followers simply because their fruits are somehow inferior to ours. Our use of language has

See "Because" p. 18

Answers to Gospel Mysteries

by Cephas Fieldhouse Sorensen
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

Q

Dear Brother Sorensen:

What impact will the academic freedom document have on the average scholar's pursuit (and you must admit that your own pursuits in scholarship are pretty average) of answers to gospel mysteries?

Signed,

Longing in Lehi

A

Dear Longing,

If you will consult subsection B, paragraph 13a, it is clearly stated,

If the use of a Full Nelson fails to subdue the recalcitrant mystery monger, a committee shall be assembled to dislocate the offending professor's left hip, which while leaving him totally incapacitated as a scholar, will still allow him to start a computer software company. If the dislocation is done ineptly, or the committee cannot agree where the offender's hip is located, consult the electronic handbook, section 835 C, subsection 27, paragraph 3a.

Q

Dear Brother Sorensen:

Who in the University has more power, a department chair or a bishop?

Signed,

Frustrated in Fillmore

A

Ideally the offices should be combined; this allows the university the opportunity to fire and disfellowship at the same time. This single consolidation of offices is estimated to save the university half a million a year. (Note: the identical fiscal result may be obtained by eliminating the middle initial from general authorities' names.)

Q

Dear Brother Sorensen:

Is some kind of philosophical struggle going on between Religious Education and the English Department? I'm desperate to know, for I have aspirations to be a religion teacher, an English teacher or possibly a circus geek.

Signed,

Suffering in Santaquin

A

Dear Suffering:

The actual conflict began when Religious Education claimed they were keepers of the Eternal Flame; the English Department then counter-claimed that they were the Eternal Flame.

Q

Dear Brother Sorensen:

What is the proper line of authority for the student complaints?

Signed,

Perplexed in Payson

A

Dear Perplexed:

Please pay close attention to the following flowchart, which has been prepared because of the complexity of my response.

Student Complaint:

Professor is a Feminist

Professor is a Sexist

Professor is a dope peddler

Professor eats uncooked broccoli

Professor has no respect for authority

Professor has no respect for general authority

Professor has no respect

Professor has no authority

See "Answers" p.5

Pluralism Under Prophets: BYU Confronts Modernity

by Hal Miller

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY,

DEAN OF GENERAL AND HONORS EDUCATION

To the extent that we conceive of a university as an institutionalized conversation with unbounded license to question (that is, potentially universal in the scope of its inquiry), then there may be some question whether Brigham Young University is a hopeless contradiction. To the extent it is suffused with the apodictic, one right to ask about the content of the parcel marked "off limits to inquiry" and whether it is sufficiently consequential to vitiate BYU's claim to universityhood. This is at least one sense of the dilemma implicit in this article's title.

To be sure, the University mandates a minimal code of moral conduct which stipulates actions that are off limits to students and faculty alike who wish to remain. These strictures are propped up by their consistency with the set of moral expectations of those who are members in good standing of the sponsoring church. There can be little question of the University's right to do so as part of its contracts with students and employees, including faculty. It would be a rare (and probably endangered) academic institution that did not effect a working understanding with those who compose it of what constitutes the nonnegotiable moral breach. This is not to say that such understandings are unmodifiable, only that the institution's ability to sustain conversation is somehow bound up in the having of such. The conversation requires civility, that is, adherence to a minimal, mutually agreed-to set of conventions for treating one another.

The issue before us is the University's entitlement to anything more than its civility-underwriting code. May it also rightfully circumscribe the conversation, acting as gatekeeper to what is properly included and thereby necessarily exclusionist? I take it as canonical in the modernist (and postmodernist) view that to do so would be fatal to the institution's identity as a university. While it is not expected that the institution would actually realize a universalized conversation, to deliberately subvert the possibility would be unconscionable. I suppose the only permissible circumscription would be one which paradoxically produces "one great [omnicomprehending] whole."

The apparent problem for BYU lies in the continuously charismatic nature of the church that sponsors it or, more precisely, in the continuously charismatic nature of the gospel around which that church is structured. Deep

belief in prophets is not particularly unusual; belief in living prophets is, where prophet means essentially "speaker for God, revealer of the divine mind or will, proxy for the divine presence." Such persons, duly authorized by those who recognize their station, would presumably possess conversation-ending powers, the right, as it were, to dead-end certain paths along which conversation might otherwise flow. In this way, one might say that living prophets are, by their role, unfriendly to certain conversational possibilities.

I referred to the dead-ending as an apparent problem. I mean apparent in the sense that BYU may appear to be uniquely afflicted with the problem. While it may indeed be the only Carnegie-category research university II whose board of trustees includes living prophets, it is hardly unique as an institution where certain conversations are peremptorily concluded. The inevitable politics of the classroom, to say nothing of the inevitable politics of disciplinary professionalism, guarantees picking and choosing in the conversation, as well as the (occasionally ceremonial) foreclosure of certain conversational options. Part of being a student is perceiving what is "safe" to talk about when one is with Professor M and what goes appropriately censored. The phenomenon of foreclosure was at the heart of the recent media event termed "political correctness." It is perhaps no more broadly instantiated than by the politics of science. All of this is to say that the possibilities for conversation at BYU may be truncated by influences beyond those already operative in virtually all other institutions of higher education.

That BYU is church-sponsored may strike some as transitional. James Burthchell's recent case analysis of the secularization of church-sponsored Christian colleges in *First Things* intimated the inevitability of transition, conceivably fueling hopes in some quarters that BYU may be eventually rescued from its status as antique. However, the two most consequential factors in Burthchell's model of decline and fall are nowhere in evidence at BYU. In this century, the financial and other forms of support extended to BYU by the sponsoring church have been considerable and consistent. Additionally, its board of trustees has characteristically consisted of persons whose conversation with higher education is first-hand. Such instances are hardly without precedent elsewhere.

likelihood of its continuance were underscored by a member of the board, Elder Boyd K. Packer, in a campus address earlier this year. Thus it may be erroneous to conclude that BYU exists in an early phase of secularization; instead, it may represent a singular phenomenon: The only true university.

However, to assume that to visit BYU is to see all things done in paradigmatic rightness is to blunder. Aside from the uniqueness of its sponsorship and the idiosyncrasy of its code of honor (which are, to my thinking, its primary attractions to prospective students and their parents) there is nothing else that readily sets it apart from other comparably sized and comparably provisioned institutions whose specialty is undergraduate education. Indeed, it lags many of those in its Carnegie cohort, beset as it is with embarrassingly high rates of student attrition, latencies to graduation, and student-faculty ratios. Nor is it immune to the epidemic of the mentality of disciplinary professionalism among its faculty, a sin visited on all but the most resistant strain of student. The presence of prophets on BYU's board has not been preventive in these regards.

Is there evidence otherwise that BYU is exceptional in its confrontation with modernity? Earlier I spoke of the unconscionability, given the ideal of the university, of deliberate exclusion of certain possibilities of conversation. I then suggested that such exclusion is, in fact, the political reality at virtually any institution of higher education. I now go farther to say that, in my sixteen years as a member of the BYU faculty, with various

teaching, research, and administrative engagements, I am unaware of any case in which the conversation has been curtailed by prophetic injunction. Certainly the conversation I have maintained with my students and faculty colleagues in the classroom and out has never been proscribed, prophetically or otherwise. There is no subject matter which I did not feel free to engage in the course of that conversation. Perhaps I have been uncommonly lucky. Or am uncommonly blinkered in my alertness to the possibilities. I am aware of instances where faculty members and student have left the University at its request. Where these severances were not premised on violations of its code of honor, I suspect they were largely matters of personality in which those with administrative authority were persuaded that the manner (not the matter) of an individual's contribution to the conversation was no longer in the best interest of the University.

Such instances are hardly without precedent elsewhere.

This is not to say that ultimate governance by prophets is unproblematic or without liabilities. For too many (I suppose one would be too many), the presence of prophets and access to their public utterances are, by themselves, not only securitizing but narcotizing: the lure of the last word (and thereby the end to conversation), as it were. The dilemma is evident is Moses, who, on the one hand, would have all God's people enabled as prophets but, on the other, cannot avoid being as God to them ("Must we fetch you water?"). And they were only too ready to have him be such to them and to thereby defer the conferral of the prophetic on themselves. The more emphatic of fervent a prophet's pronouncements, it seems, the more inclined are the listeners to assume an end to the conversation, to assume exemption from the hard acts of understanding and reunderstanding and understanding yet anew. This is the curse brought by too facile assumption of the apodictic, where something absolute is assumed to equate to finality. To possess absolute truth is one thing; to come to a finality of understanding is another. This is in no way to deny the rightness of reverential silence when truth is announced. It is only to say that after a prophet voices truth, there is the retiring to one's closet for the possibility of further ministerings of understanding and affirmation. Much is told in what one takes to the closet. After all, there is need for the bread of life to be digested. One starves if it stays too long on the tongue.

Many students and some

faculty who come to BYU are underprepared for the experience. They have assumed the neat packaging (vacuum-packed) that they have long ago associated with their Sunday School classes, that education is a matter of polite nods, cliché-saturated recitations, and waiting for the bell to ring. They assume that to study at BYU is to be the beneficiary of pre-digested (because it comes from the prophets) knowledge, the sort where one flavor fits all palates and there is only occasional need for foraging that is intellectually requiring, namely, at the fringes, in those peripheral (and assumedly inconsequential) territories as yet neglected by the prophets. This state of affairs might not be so objectionable if it were to resemble a rare and elegant feast; instead, it has the trappings of feeding at a common trough.

It is increasingly the trough of training. This shouldn't surprise. As I have indicated, to be led by prophets is, for many, to enjoy the comforts of certitude, with its blessed relief from the ardors and abjection of inquiry. The mentality that is induced is one that is receptive, but unreflective. It is "tell me what I need to do so I can do it" (and, in familiar refrain, go on to get a good job and enjoy the life of the professional middle class), instead of "share your thinking with me so that I might consider it against my own in hopes of carrying the conversation farther." Both mentalities are acquisitive, but note the further properties of the former. It is largely static, its only dynamic being the continued cultivation of

See "Pluralism" p.9

"Answers" from p. 4

Professor lied under oath
Professor sat up under oath
Professor seen hitchhiking with secretary
Professor likes Henry James's novels
Professor teaches More's *Utopia* in Latin
Professor teaches Latin

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College Myths to Flunk By

by Phillip Snyder

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR
OF ENGLISH

Having spent, by my inexact calculation, most of the past 18 years in various institutions (and I do mean "institutions") of higher education, 12 of them as a student, I feel imminently (and I do mean "imminently") qualified to discourse upon the subject of mythic misconceptions within the academy for the *Student Review*. In other words, the process of progressing from inmate to trustee and now to guard has taught me something about survival in the joint we call "college." As one surviving member of the Donner Party is said to have observed, "I didn't get off that damn mountain alive by being stupid or squeamish." So, if you expect to get out of BYU alive yourself (within four years, of course), you should avoid placing any faith whatsoever in these seven deadly myths (while at the same time keeping a 72-hour kit in your car and inviting plenty of friends along on winter trips, especially those over mountain passes).

Myth #1: "All professors are created equal." This "seen one, seen 'em all" attitude has been the undoing of many students who assumed their "inalienable rights" in one course would transfer automatically into all the others. Your prospective missionary professor may indeed have offered you extra credit for golden questioning people at the mall, but that doesn't mean it's a universal extra credit assignment—even at BYU. Your pumped-up swagger may play beautifully in weight room mirrors, but you may want to tone it down during your senior seminar on the politics of gender (unless you want to become a daily object lesson on the tragedy of testosterone buildup). Not every professor requires you to underline your three-part thesis statement or to sit in the same seat every day or to use exactly 10 sources, five books and five periodicals, in your research papers. And it is not a violation of your constitutional rights to count attendance as part of your grade. Professors compose course syllabi outlining their particular policies and procedures for one reason: they don't want to be confused

with any of their colleagues. Because professors tend to be so insecure about their identities in this way, having their very own course requirements—different from all the others—makes them feel special. It's just their little way of saying "I gotta be me."

Myth #2: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Many students operate on the mistaken impression that, since "familiarity breeds contempt" in the college classroom, a systematic program of irregular absences will have the opposite effect of regular attendance and thus make their professors' hearts "grow fonder" toward them. After a lengthy absence, these students waylay their professors five minutes before class to ask innocently "Did we do anything important last month?" as if they expect

professors to respond, "Oh, no, just more of the same—old-boring—

stuff we did the month before." Or, "Well, we actually were planning on doing something important, but because we all missed you so much, we decided to postpone the rest of the semester until your return." At BYU, chronically absent students tend to take the prodigal son or daughter approach: "Forgive me, professor, for sinning against you. I spent your class time in riotous skiing but, sitting in the lodge last week with a broken leg, I realized the error of my ways. Please take me back. I'll stop by during your office hours so you can catch me up on everything I missed."

Unfortunately, where these students see fatted calves, professors see only fat heads, so they are unlikely to throw a party to celebrate their prodigal students' return to the classroom. In short, professors want you to be in class every day, so they can become as sick of seeing you as you are of seeing them. You see, requiring regular attendance is simply a small matter of justice.

Myth #3: "A lame excuse is better than no excuse at all."

Richard Belzer's character on the T.V. series *Homicide* makes this

request of a suspect he's interrogating: "I've been a homicide detective for 20 years. If you're gonna lie to me, you'd better lie with some respect. I'm not Montel Williams." Professors are a lot like homicide detectives in this regard; if they can't have the truth, they will settle for some respectful lies, ones that won't insult their intelligence, such as when a DT resident claimed her homework was eaten by her dog. All she got for her trouble was an "F" on the assignment and a room inspection by her head resident (who had, coincidentally, received an anonymous tip that one of her residents might be in violation of BYU Housing's no-pet rule).

High school excuses worked fine in high school on stupid assistant principals in polyester suits, but this is college, people. Even Ferris

zipping around like Calvin after consuming a half dozen bowls of Chocolate Covered Sugar Bombs, full of ambition and energy; the next you'll be collapsed, half asleep somewhere, with your mind still racing about madly while everything else in your body has shut down for the millennium. Additional caffeine ingestion won't help either. It took more than a couple hits of Jolt Cola to raise Lazarus from the dead. As you wait out the requisite three days in your bedroom tomb before coming forth again into life, you'll begin to wonder whether caffeine really is what the doctor ordered. And suddenly you'll come to the illuminating conclusion that it's not...at least not until finals begin.

Myth #5: "I work better under pressure." If this myth were true,

BYU

President, Rex Lee, would put everyone on academic probation tomorrow and then sit back to watch the

coming to pass of former BYU President Jeff Holland's prophecy that BYU would become the "Harvard of the West." (It had to be an authentic prophecy because Jeff Holland is a loyal Yale who wouldn't name Harvard over Yale in such a context of his own volition...unless, of course, he were making a subtle dig at Harvard by comparing it to BYU, and that possibility is unthinkable, or, at least, I think it's unthinkable.) Purposefully procrastinating the completion of your assignments until the last minute so you can experience the exhilarating adrenaline rush that comes from doing a whole semester's work within one intense 24-hour period will distinguish you as *stupid con fraud, not summa cum laude*.

Hemingway's "grace under pressure" does not mean that God's amazing power of grace will save wretches like you from every pressure-packed situation you put yourself in; on the contrary, it prescribes your stoic and unflinching acceptance of whatever nastiness you've got coming, no matter how horrible it is, to the point of death if necessary or even a "C" midterm grade. Reserve players rarely come off the bench to make the clutch basket or get the big hit when the game is on the line; it's usually one of the players who's been going all out the entire game (Kevin Nixon's performance against Oklahoma notwithstanding).

Consistent effort is why the tortoise, slow and steady, always beats the hare in the Aesop fable (if not in the Bugs Bunny cartoon). Finally, pressure is so adept at finding you, you really needn't go out of your way to find it (even

if you genuinely believe it's your best friend).

Myth #6: "The rules are fine for everyone else, but I'm an exception." The problem with many exceptional students is that they come to believe they're entitled to exceptional treatment. Not so at BYU, where everyone's treated with much the same bureaucratic indifference (except, perhaps, scholarship athletes, members of VOICE, Benson Scholars, tardy tuition payers, 5th-year sophomores, people with ecclesiastical endorsements from their bookies, and just about anyone over eight years of age wearing short shorts at the Games Center). It's a strange sort of equality. While standing at the library's circulation desk, calling up the computer for registration, requesting an exam at the Testing Center, or lining up for a taco salad at the Cougarcat, even a BYU Prince becomes a lowly Pauper and a BYU Princess a mere Lady-in-Waiting. It's quite easy to spot new BYU students, especially those who signed up for Honors: they're the ones in bow ties or Birkenstocks shaking their fists at clerks through windows at the ASB or over the counter at the Traffic Office, screaming out their two eternal questions against the quaint karma of the BYU universe— "How dare you treat me like this? Don't you know who I am?" They'll settle down in time, of course, just like all the rest, but only after they've lost their sense of self by taking American Heritage with thousands of their closest friends and eaten enough Cannon Center food to become as docile as grazing sheep and gotten so ill with the flu that they made a desperate visit to the Health Center for treatment.

Myth #7: "God is on my side." Too many students at BYU view their lives as a Mormon Miracle Pageant starring themselves (instead of somebody really famous like Gordon Jump) in the title role. They don't realize that *deus ex machina* works mostly as a literary device and rarely interferes with the denouement of real life, so they go blithely about their business, secure in the naive belief that the UNO deck of life will always be stacked in their favor, because God is on their side. Speaking for the 1700 or so BYU faculty members, I find such a view so blatantly egotistical and inherently illogical that it requires very little argument to refute it completely: I mean, how can God possibly be on the students' side when it's so obvious that He's on the side of the faculty?

So there you have them—

seven college myths to flunk by.

I trust you paid attention because, to paraphrase Joe Bob Briggs, I don't want to have to explain this stuff to you people again.

STUDENT REVIEW

Not another youth program.



BYU in the 50s

by Karl Sandberg

VISITING PROFESSOR OF HUMANITIES

[Karl Sandberg received a B.A. and an M.A. from BYU (1954 and 1957)]

Someone, in a sally of humor, suggested making BYU into a 50s theme park. I thought instead of Rip van Sandberg going to sleep on the Maeser lawn one Sunday afternoon and waking up forty-five years later looking for the campus.

What was BYU in the late 40s and early 50s?

We would have to see all of the administrative offices in the Maeser Building, with registration being carried out in the gym or field house. The Heber J. Grant building was the library. Sciences were taught in the richly odoriferous Brimhall Building, and overflow classes

were held in the North Building, a set of three overheated Quonset huts. The Eyring Science Center was a-borning. We made the trek between the Upper and the Lower Campuses, fall, winter, and spring. Dormitories and married student housing were surplus Army barracks. Mat dances were held in the Social Hall twice a week. The Lower Campus has fallen into ruin, and what used to be the Upper Campus is now a smallish corner of the only campus.

But the social and intellectual center of the campus was the Joseph Smith Building with its light brick and white cast stone, and dynamic lines rising up to the mountains. People ate in the cafeteria in its basement, attended English and religion classes in its classrooms, went to church, assemblies, devotions, and concerts in its auditorium, and danced in its ballroom.

The Joseph Smith Building the intellectual center? Yes, this is where Hugh B. Brown had his office as part of the Religion Department. He taught four or five hundred students per quarter, and they heard an expansive view of Mormonism. The test of a religion is the abundance of the life it produces. You don't have to believe anything that isn't true, he would say, and anything that is true is part of your religion as soon as you will reach out and take it. He did not care so much that anyone's ideas were orthodox or heterodox as he did that people have ideas. If you lay hold of an incorrect idea, you can correct it, but if you never have any ideas at all, you are stuck in the mud.

The Joseph Smith Building was also the office of P.A.

Christensen, venerable chair of the English Department. "People say that students take false doctrines out of my classes," he once told me, "but I've been teaching here twenty-five years, and I know that 85% don't take any doctrine out, true or false." He may have been right about doctrines, but not about ideas. For him, and for others in the English Department, literature was charged with ideas and with energies which made a difference. The thirteenth Article of Faith was a favorite theme.

How should one prepare for a mission? Again, in the old Joseph Smith Building, one might hear Gerrit de Jong tell a group of young people that "the best way to prepare for a mission is to learn how to talk with as many different kinds of people as possible on their own ground." The world was a rich and not a hostile place, and BYU professors

who served as mission presidents urged missionaries to become familiar with the art museums, concert halls, and

opera houses of the cities they worked in.

Also in the Joseph Smith Building were the offices of others in the Religion Department, less charismatic than Hugh B. Brown, but well-intentioned and competent. And others, be it spoken in candor, were with utter sincerity and devotion anti-intellectual. They did not hesitate to name by name those in various departments around campus whom they considered to be anti-Christ. Korihor was a favorite figure and metaphor. The testimony of the Spirit and the atonement of Christ were the beginning and end of all questions. The educational enterprise, except as it enabled someone to make a living, was at best worthless, and often harmful. "An intellectual," one of them said, "is someone who has sold the Savior down the river."

Yes, it was possible to encounter within one building all of the disparate forces and cross-currents of Mormonism. It made for a stimulating environment when the stakes were high and the tensions real. BYU in the early 50s was, in short, beset by tensions that always accompany learning "by study and also by faith," but it was confident and outward looking.

This does not mean that many, perhaps most, were not lulled by Lotus Land of Provo in the spring. The air was full of "Put another nickel in! In the Nickelodeon! All I want is loving you and music, music, music." or another ballad of the heart ending with "...and we'll live on love and 'tato chips, potato chips, potato chips..."

What has stayed the same? Lotus Land is alive and well—ever so many students seem to be having an

interesting social experience—but so is the diversity and outreach of the faculty.

Students I have in my classes are not less well prepared than students I have had anywhere and are often more earnest about the questions.

What has changed? Well, BYU has achieved national status in a number of academic fields. It is admittedly #1 in foreign language technology, for example, which I would never have supposed while studying French and German here without so much as a tape recorder. And it is an international campus. More languages are taught at BYU than any other university. And many other disciplines could be cited.

What has changed for sure is American society and higher education, which have gone through the Korean War, the Viet Nam War, Watergate, recessions, the collapse of the Cold War, and are now experiencing the continual battles of the culture wars. And what appears to me to be the biggest change at BYU, during all of the national turmoil, is a loss of confidence.

An example. When the Honor Code was established in the early 50s, it applied to academic work, and could be stated very simply: the students agreed not to cheat and the faculty agreed not to snoop. It worked well. Honor could only arise from within. To think of honor being enforced would have been a contradiction in terms, a loss of confidence in the principle or in the principals.

Another example. One part of the Statement on Academic Freedom at BYU says that "because the gospel encompasses all truth and affirms the full range of human modes of knowing, the scope of integration for LDS scholars is, in principle, as wide as truth itself" (p. 3), which by itself is a statement of confidence. But in practice, academic freedom must be limited, the document says, because if there were "no restraints on individual academic freedom, religious universities would converge toward a secular model and lose their distinctive character...." (p. 7) I ponder this statement and blink. What is given by one hand is taken away by the other because it is assumed that the religion of the LDS community would lose in an open contest with the secular modes.

The result of this perception seems to be a general obsession within the Church with control, and the effect of that control seems to be nothing so much as the ghettoization of Mormon intellectual and social life. The widening gyre of the 50s appears to be changing into a narrowing vortex.

Will the obsession with control prevail? I don't believe so. There are too many energies loose in society and in the Church to be turned back. Many of them are gathered at BYU, as in the net cast into the sea gathering fish of all kinds. Whatever side people are on, they will see fish that they don't like in the net. But that's alright. It is part of the mix. If it smells fishy sometimes, that's the way it is supposed to be.

Flan, Esnakbar, Orbis Criticus

by Ted Lyon

PROFESSOR OF SPANISH

I owe the discovery of Esnakbar to the conjunction of a Calvin and Hobbes cartoon and my recent encyclopedic (I refer to volume only) reading of literary criticism. As part of my professional development leave this semester I have taken time to re-tool and learn more about new critical ap-

proaches to literature. I wish that I could share an unqualified excitement for all modern approaches, but to the contrary, I have become deeply concerned about the "advanced" state of the criticism we practice. Note the Calvin and Hobbes cartoon first:

Now, I return to savor a few choice sentences from some criticism I've (tried to) read recently. Granted, I have chosen some of the "juicer bits," but I have duplicated these directly

from the "texts" so that no possible errors are present; please read on: *An art conveying its sense through the tensions of contradiction, parody, and paradox is intrinsically an art aligning and subjecting to the pressures of interaction contraries the content of which is reasonably well established in the reader's mind.* (L.A. Murillo, *The Cyclical Night* 120).

see "mind" p.19

Calvin and Hobbes by Bill Watterson

I USED TO HATE WRITING ASSIGNMENTS, BUT NOW I ENJOY THEM.

I REALIZED THAT THE PURPOSE OF WRITING IS TO INFLATE WEAK IDEAS, OBFUSCATE POOR REASONING, AND INHIBIT CLARITY.

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Show you to adapt, so you match
Your stride to the scars
That split rock, the path rain
Took down the stone face
Into the wash. There is no water,
Just its memory: a gouge
In the escarpment, dry bed below.
Soft ripples over sand become stone,
Stone ripples broken like shards.
More ruin waits for weather—
Cloudburst, blizzard, ice.
As you walk in this high, hot air,
Sun sears color into cliffs, and
Breath comes dry from your mouth.
Silken and lush in your body, a drum
Full and tight, water throbbing
Inside, you are learning
The long version of silence.
Few things are less personal
Than how the land needs you,
Saliva, blood, bile.

by Susan Elizabeth Howe
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

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Old Men

My grandfather could whistle like a bird.
His lips smiled beneath his white moustache,
and a wavering sibilance, a sound a bird might make
if it were far away and out of sight,
would hesitate about the kitchen. And,
There it is, he'd cry. We'd follow the unseen bird,
robin, he'd say, or thrush, among the dresser shelves
beyond his pointing finger, behind
the willow pattern plates in four cracked rows.
The bird sang round the room and then away.
You were too slow, he'd say, it's flown away.
We perched in a line on the horse-hair couch
and played along, because he liked that bird.
And once or twice I very nearly saw it.
Often, he'd have a real bird, some garden accident,
or baby fallen from its nest too young,
recovering in a cage with a wire front.
He'd feed it milky pap from an egg-spoon.

One Saturday we carried bricks from the fallen steelworks,
just he and I and four bricks on each journey,
harsh local oblongs, baked in fires long quenched.
We needed forty-two to edge his path.
I chose the ones we'd use, lifted my share.
My shirt was pink with gritty dust.
All day I nudged them into soldiers' lines,
bedding them in soil, using my grandfather's trowel,
his spirit-level, my fingers sore from rough surfaces.
For weeks I walked the path in the clear mornings,
seeing all well with my work. The fifth brick
from the end was marred, a black stain marred it.

After his death new people bought the house,
threw out our bricks. They lay for years
a slack heap, in a corner of the field.

It was seeing those old codgers,
those two old boys sitting on a park bench,
brought back my quiet grandfather.
They might have moved the world when young,
for all I knew, but there they were,
in the heavy gravity of their years,
talking in single words, the sentences
all spent. I walked for an hour
the gravel paths, admiring their certainty.

Something had given to those old men
more than endurance. They sat in calmness,
and watched the evening falling all around them,
although I could not see it.

by Leslie Norris
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH



Audition

by Louise Plummer

INSTRUCTOR OF ENGLISH

When I learned in 1975 that the Minneapolis Stake was sponsoring a performance of the Book of Mormon Oratorio, I wanted to sing in the chorus. The performance was a joint effort between the University of Minnesota Symphonic Chorus, conducted by Dr. Dwayne Jorgenson, and the Civic Orchestra of Minneapolis, conducted by Dr. Clyn D. Barrus, who was also a member of the Saint Paul First Ward. I asked Clyn if I could participate, and he told me to attend the Symphonic Chorus rehearsals and to tell Dwayne Jorgenson I was there, which is what I did. But after two weeks of rehearsal, Dwayne began urging me to audition, as the other members of the chorus had to do so. I told him I wasn't really signed up for credit in the class and would prefer not to. He said he'd like me to audition. I said I'd rather have piano. Finally, after much good-natured bullying on both sides, I decided to write my audition. This is it:

Professor Dwayne Jorgenson, Conductor

Symphonic Chorus
University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, MN 55455
November 15, 1975

Dear Professor Jorgenson,

I agree with what you said during Symphonic Chorus practice this evening: no one is officially enrolled in Music 1001 until she has had an audition with you. Let me say that I think that is fair. Very fair. I agree with you one hundred percent, sir. The problem is that I am not enrolled, nor do I want to be. I just want to sing in this one concert. An even bigger problem is shyness. I am an extremely shy person and am, for that reason, particularly pained with the idea of Singing All By Myself For You. That is, I don't have a "solo" personality, if you know what I mean. Still, I want more than anything to sing in your chorus, because your good works are known through the entire Minneapolis-St. Paul area. But I am shy about the audition. I just

kill me to think about it. However, I have come up with a solution which, I think, will satisfy us both.

I will write my audition for you. You can read it and make a judgment. This method does have some disadvantages: it is difficult to hear the quality and tone of the voice in a letter. I will be honest. My voice is a cross between Carol Burnett and Wayne Newton with a heavy nasal twang that remains even when I cover my teeth with my upper lip as you so adequately demonstrated for us today. The other disadvantage in writing my audition is that I am, by definition, the author of my own audition. Trust me. My best friend, Mary Beth Kellendonk, has auditioned with you and has told me in detail what is required.

PAST CHORAL EXPERIENCE: I sang third alto in the Alexander Pope Municipal High School A-Cappella directed by Ms. Francine Crow, a former pupil of yours, who quoted you as saying that music was the window of the soul. We sang "Master of Human Destiny," "Oh Brother Man," "Waters Ripple and Flow," and "I Left My Heart in San Francisco."

I also sang in the chorus of the Falcon Heights amateur Opera Association's Summer Festival production of *Tannhäuser*. It was directed by Heinz Schlenker, who was born twenty-seven miles from Wagner's birthplace and who immigrated to America at age three months. I was a pilgrim and a lady in Hermann's court (Hail, Hermann, Hail).

I am presently the only tenor in our church choir.

OTHER MUSICAL

EXPERIENCE: I play the ukulele.

VOICE RANGE: First, I shall sing in my lower range beginning at middle C and ending with low B, beyond which I just grunt. Here goes:

La La La La La La La La
Now for my upper range—
beginning at middle C and
moving up:

La La

As you can see, I have the range of Nancy Sinatra. Actually, when I am in good voice I can go up comfortably another octave. Due to a chronic nose and throat problem—I have a deviated septum—I have not been in good

confidence. I assure you that I am sight reading. I have not had many opportunities to sing arias. I hope you realize that I am very nervous about this part of the audition. I can hardly breathe and my palms are perspiring. In fact, I'm sweating like a hog. You may want to read this aloud so you can hear me better. I shall begin:

voice since 1967.

SIGHT READING: I shall read from an aria in *Israel in Egypt* by George Frederic Handel. I have a whole book of arias that I bought in a moment of disgusting

How was that? I hope you will not hold it against me for

"Pluralism" from p. 5

leisure, the multiplying of one's stock of toys. Education as training will not the endure the playfulness and openness of inquiry. While it appears disciplined, it is really only regimented. It has little patience for individuality. It induces pettiness, mean-spiritedness, and shortsightedness. Instead of being what really matters, it is only a preliminary, a prelude to what really matters: a job and more money. In the end, training is not education at all. It is hypocritical: enduring learning for a season in order to have it done with. What training promises is the death of learning.

On this view, the greatest threat to BYU is that education will be crowded out by training. I have suggested that the nature of prophetic pronouncements may conduce to this regrettable trend, since such pronouncements may be seen as curtailing the conversation that is education.

However, I am not prepared to lay fault at the prophets. Instead, I fault perceptions, specifically, the perception of them and their pronouncements. There is a tendency to view them as monolithic, censorious, and taciturn and their words as self-justifying decree, impervious to analysis and multiple understandings. This perception leads to a form of segregation that has their words off limits to the conversation that is otherwise carried on and breeds division wherein certain persons (faculty and students both) view themselves as specially appointed guardians of the prophets' words, the keepers of the flame, hierophantic and therefore above the conversation (the Bablic din) that is meant for others.

I regard such perceptions as unfriendly to the ideal of the university and corrosive of the conversation that it is meant to nurture. There are those who would argue that

the separations I have just spoken of are essential to the preservation of faith among the innocent that, without them, such faith would be savaged. I prefer, instead, a view that takes the prophets at their word, that it is absolute. Of course there is risk in admitting sacred and profane in the same conversation, including the risk that earlier convictions may be undone. But the risk is not without promise that new convictions will emerge that are grounded more deeply, more thoughtfully, more fulfillingly, though themselves also capable of revision. I submit that education is inherently, inevitably, inescapably a risky endeavor, that it cannot be sanitized or made foolproof, else it is lost. I am persuaded that the pronouncements of prophets are not an endangered species requiring legislative protection. Far from putting an end to the conversation, their pronouncements deserve a full place in it, with every possibility of enlivening, enriching, and exalting the conversation. I see BYU's promise therein. The same God who declared His thoughts and His ways well beyond ours also invited a reasoning together. Should the University ever reconsider its motto, I should think "let us reason together" an apposite alternative.

having a quivering voice on account of the shyness. The quiver goes away when I sing in a group. Anyway, I feel better that this part of the audition is over.

RHYTHM: I shall now clap out the rhythm of the first line of the aria for you:

Clap Clap Clap Clap Clap Clap Clap

SOLO SECTION: Mary Beth said that you also required a prepared piece, so I have practiced an aria from J.S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*. I will try to sing a little louder this time, and I will accompany myself on the ukulele.

Prepare thyself Zion, with tender affection, the purest, the fairest, this day to receive, the purest, the fairest, prepare thyself Zion, with tender affection. Prepare thyself Zion with tender affection, the purest, the fairest, this day to receive, the purest, the fairest, prepare thyself Zion, with tender affection—

That was lovely even if I do say so myself. I'm sorry about the ukulele string breaking in the middle of it.

Thank you for reading my audition. Please let me know if I made it, and don't forget to fill out an audition slip.

Sincerely yours,
Louise Plummer

This audition did its magic. After Dwayne Jorgenson read it, he said, "You can be in my choir anytime." He never did hear me sing.

Reprinted, with the permission of the author, from her book *Thoughts of a Grasshopper: Essays and Oddities*.

An Interview With Tomi-Ann Roberts and Bill Davis

by Rachel Poulsen
and Bryan Waterman

Dr. Roberts is an Assistant professor in the BYU Psychology Department; her husband, Dr. Bill Davis, is an Assistant Professor in the Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages. They have taught at BYU for three years.

SR: You have been looking for other work lately. Could you discuss your reasons for that, and what your experiences have been like here?

T-A: Certainly we have been somewhat disappointed with the political climate here, but that's not the only reason we felt it was important for us to move on. There were other things, too. For example, as you know, I'm not Mormon and Bill is, and we have a daughter [22 months old] who is going to be in school someday. It unnerved us to think about raising her in a culture so polarized, where there's really only two kinds of people—Mormon and not Mormon. We wouldn't want to bring her up here, where each of her parents belongs to one of these two categories. We would rather find ourselves in a more religiously diverse setting.

SR: How do you handle that diversity in your home, and with raising Annika?

T-A: We haven't had to face too many of the issues yet. Bill and I have talked about it, but a lot of what you end up doing in a marriage is made up along the way. But one of the things we're happy about in terms of the Mormon church is that children aren't baptized right at birth... I think we both feel strongly that we want to give Annika a sense of her own choice.

BD: We don't have any specific plans right now. We plan to give her a religious upbringing, with prayer in the home and so on, and to take her Mormon church, and...

T-A: ...to whatever church I'm going to at the time (laughs). There hasn't been that big of a variety—Methodist and Unitarian. It's more awkward for me to attend the Mormon ward here. Bill's now the

one with the *non-member* wife. Those sorts of issues aren't as relevant in other places, such as the ward we attended in San Francisco. People there were from all sorts of backgrounds, and anyone who could contribute was welcome. In terms of our interfaith marriage, it's been a whole different ball game here in Utah County than it ever was before.

SR: How do you see your time here affecting your career and your personal lives?

BD: For me, it's been extremely positive for my work. Anybody working in the Humanities knows

now.

T-A: I like being an "honorary member" of that department, because they're all so great.

BD: I've been able to share ideas and get help, especially from Scott Abbott, who had tenure at Vanderbilt before he came here. He's a real asset to the program. The department in general is very good.

T-A: Bill's answered from the perspective of his department, and he might have more to say about the university at large. It's been less positive for me. I definitely do not regret having come here. I think my feminism has grown by leaps and

you feel at home." And maybe they did. I guess I had a different idea of what home would be. Many have been wonderful. But, you know, it's an aging faculty.

SR: Most of them here are...

T-A: In Bill's department, there are quite a few young members who are very active in their scholarship. Most of the people in my department are quite a bit older.

SR: What are both of you doing in terms of teaching and research?

T-A: We're both doing research on the body.

SR: It seems like everybody is...

T-A: Not in social sciences,



jobs are difficult to come by. Only colleagues at really tough schools have situations academically better than mine, in terms of teaching load, library, financial support for research, travel money, level of student preparation... those things are way above average here. I've had opportunity to do a lot of things that would have been difficult to do elsewhere. My publications were possible because I've had the time and support to do them. My department has really good colleagues and a good atmosphere. It's one of the more progressive ones on campus right

bounds here in a way that it never would have somewhere else.

SR: Well, you know what Gloria Steinem says: "The Mormon church has made more feminists than I have!"

T-A: Right! It would have been a lot easier anywhere else. One of the things I will say when I look back on the experience is that I was profoundly affected by students in a way that I couldn't have anticipated. That's been my most positive experience—and sometimes my most negative. There have certainly been students who were angry at me. But for the most part, I have enjoyed my students immeasurably and I've learned so much from them. As far as my department goes, there are some excellent members who are doing good research. Some of the people that I most admire and I feel most like, in terms of my commitment to research and scholarship, happen to be doing work in an area of psychology that's very different from mine—neuroscience. I don't have young colleagues actively involved in my sort of scholarship. And so I've felt very lonely here. I'm mostly in my office, with the door closed. My experience has been one of alienation in terms of my own department, and of feeling like an outsider. And a token. And a quota hire. And a non-Mormon. And a woman. So many categories of outsideness. A lot of the guys in the department would probably say, "But we made every effort to make

T-A: Kaja Silverman. You always talk about her work.

BD: She's a feminist theorist who has been influenced by psychoanalytic work by Lacan, and Kristeva especially.

T-A: There's a huge school of them.

BD: She writes on film, mostly—semiotics of film. Anyhow, there's a group of Goethe's lyrics that I'm writing a book on, and this most recent article is related to that. I've also been working on an article on a novel of Goethe's—that's a side project. It actually has more to do with Foucault and the body, and Lacan's notion of the gaze. I'm interested in the literature from around 1800, and within that literature, the notions of

subjectivity—what the Self means, what it means to be an individual, and also how Self is related to gender. These poems of Goethe's all have to do with social interactions—the way the Self is produced in relation to exteriority. I'll be working on this project until I finish my book. I also teach a broader History of Western Civ course. That's always great.

SR: Most of them here are...

T-A: In Bill's department, there are quite a few young members who are very active in their scholarship. Most of the people in my department are quite a bit older.

SR: What are both of you doing in terms of teaching and research?

T-A: We're both doing research on the body.

SR: It seems like everybody is...

T-A: Not in social sciences,

sponsored by a BYU professor? Everyone in the community up there was quite suspicious. So I made numerous appearances on KRCL's "Because We're Here" show, saying, "No, really, I'm not going to give you shock treatments. I just want you to participate in a two-week study of your emotional life!" I managed to collect data on about 8 lesbian couples, and about 10 or 11 gay male couples (which is only about half the sample I need, so my colleague and former office-mate from Stanford, who is now at Vassar, is collecting the rest of the data). Then I joined up with Alan Hawkins, in the Family Science Department here, because I wanted to apply to some of the stuff I'd found. We do an intervention program to help dual-earner couples—both married and co-habiting heterosexual couples—to learn how to establish more equity in the home. That mostly means getting fathers more involved.

SR: So you decided on Colorado College.

T-A: It's this little weeny college.

SR: I thought for sure you'd end up going to Rochester [NY, where she was also offered a position].

T-A: I know. So did I, until I went Colorado Springs and thought, "There's probably 300 out of 365 days of sun here, and that's the exact opposite of Rochester!"

SR: How about your projects?

T-A: All my work is on gender questions and social psychology. My first work in graduate school and afterward was looking at how the genders evaluate themselves in achievement situations, especially competitive situations. Since

getting here, I've pursued more rigorously my interests in gender and emotion. Emotion's the hot area in social psychology. So I've been looking at couples, and gender differences in emotion—the experience of emotion in couple relationships, and how we deal with strong and negative emotions, particularly in conflict.

SR: Do you do all your research with married couples?

T-A: No. In fact, in our first work at Stanford, we did a study of heterosexual dating couples, and had them monitor their conflicts so we could look at their gender differences. Then I got here, all geared up to do the next study, which was to look at gay and lesbian couples and how these issues played out when each

partner was the same gender, so we could try to tease gender apart from coupledom. So I trotted off to BYU, all excited to get my gay and lesbian couples, and I found great difficulty in finding participants—not for some of the reasons you might think. I was nervous when I got here and started figuring out the political climate, because I was afraid that I wouldn't be funded for the research. But I was, and I was very pleased about that. The Dean of the Social Science College was wonderful and supported me. My problem was recruiting participants from the Salt Lake area.

Who would want to be in a study of gay and lesbian couples

body interact. Puberty, I think, is the greatest place to study it. As psychologists, we've been hesitant to study adolescence. We've focused a lot on young children and aging, but look at any Psychology of Women textbook, and the skimpiest chapter is on adolescence.

SR: It seems there's a perception that at BYU, the professors who publish most prolifically are the activists, the people who have been marginalized. Do you think that's true?

BD: I'm sure it's not true in all cases. I think one reason for it is that in the last ten years, the expectations

for scholarship have grown so enormously at BYU. To get tenure now requires much more scholarship than many older professors have done in their entire careers. So it's obviously younger faculty, especially in certain areas, who are doing most of the scholarship.

It's also not unlikely that there are ones who, for whatever reason, appear to be more progressive or radical.

T-A: I think there might be a reason. We younger folks have just come out of Ph.D. programs at great schools, where the current theoretical approaches the most worth pursuing are challenging. We deconstruct the popular notion. We challenge what the canon is. We think about social constructionism. I think most of the young people getting hired come out of programs where they spent much of their time with theories that some members of the academy perceive as liberal and threatening to the traditional values of the university. Certainly there are young people who are Allan Bloom followers, too...

BD: I think that's indicative of a larger theoretical problem. People complain now that literature classes and other things have become political. But clearly, they've always been political in a number of ways. All it means is that you say they're political, is that they matter. It's important that literature—or botany, in Sam Rushforth's case—is not simply of concern to a limited group of

scholars who isolate themselves, but they actually have a relation to our lives. At a religious university, we discuss that very thing: that what we study should somehow implicate our moral lives, as well. It should touch us more deeply than simply in terms of passing exams and getting degrees. It should be a part of what we think and feel. That's another way of saying that these subjects are political.

SR: It's ironic that the classes that promote the most Christian activity are classes taught by self-proclaimed "secular humanists."

I've never been in a religion class in which I've been asked to participate in community service, but in others it happens all the time.

BD: That relates to what my colleague Scott Abbott brings up in a

recent *Sunstone* article. He argues that we don't need to make a distinction between secular and

Tomi-Ann: "My experience here has been one of alienation and feeling like an outsider. And a token. And a quota hire. And a non-Mormon. And a woman. So many categories of outsideness."

See "Roberts/Davis"

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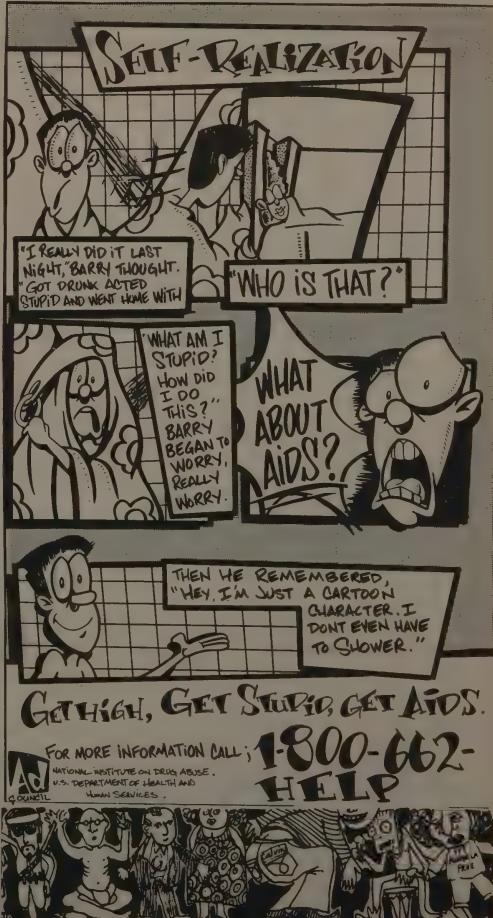
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ISSUES & OPINIONS

Sexual Politics and Censorship: Feminist Perspectives on Pornography

by Gloria L. Cronin

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

I first became aware of the issue of censorship when, as a high school student in New Zealand, I was invited to attend a presentation in the high school auditorium on the subject of movie censorship. It was to be given by the government Film Censor who would show us the kinds of materials he and his committee were cutting from the movies shown in public movie houses. This seemed rather amusing to me but he turned out to be a decent, kindly, and enthusiastic soul who abhorred cruelty to animals, torture scenes in the then-popular genre of World War II movies, and anything more sexually explicit than *Pajama Game*. It was my first introduction to the word "pornography" and I sensed even then that I was being sheltered in a relatively naive and innocent era. What was my responsibility in the matter of censorship? Would the welfare state protect me from pornography, as so many people naively believe movie industry ratings will protect them? Was it really all that simple?

Feminist scholars during the last thirty years have told us more than anyone else just how complex the issue of pornography and censorship is. Catherine MacKinnon in her book *Toward a Feminist Theory of State* (Harvard UP, 1989) argues that in contemporary industrial societies, pornography operates like a licensed slave trade in women which is protected and fostered under our First Amendment rights to free speech. "Pornography is a technologically sophisticated industry," she warns us, and "it exploits women's economic and sexual inequality for gain" (195). In other words, it stages how many men in our culture see "woman," and subsequently perpetuate dominance. Pornography then has the power to constitute social definitions of womanhood, thus escalating violence and discrimination against women. MacKinnon argues:

Pornography, in the feminist view, is a form of forced sex, a practice of sexual politics, an institution of gender inequality. In this perspective, pornography, with rape and

"Roberts/Davis" from p. 11

those who were, in fact, more powerful. We felt that we had something very special to offer. The problem is is, you can't just say you have a commitment to diversity. You also have to psychologically support the people that you bring on board. We were kind of cast out among the masses of the university and made to feel very alone.

BD: Obviously, the administrators had an ideal of diversifying the university, but that was to make it a better place—to make it academically stronger and more spiritually stimulating. They weren't simply saying, "Let's secularize the university. Let's bring in people who are less religious."

T-A: Well, for accreditation purposes, it was very important, too. My picture is all over freshman catalogs. Public Relations calls me to make statements, to be in the Homecoming movie...I am a high-profile person, because I am diversity here. It's been a sobering lesson, because it's made me see in a way that I never could have as a white, privileged, educated member of American society, what it feels like to be a slot-filler. To know that many of your colleagues think, "You're just here so we can have your picture in the freshman catalog."

SR: You have the same kind of situation with minority students who are recruited by the university, and receive brochures that make it look like BYU is 50% African-American! (everyone laughs) But they show up to find themselves one of a very small group of people of color.

BD: Like three people on campus.

T-A: Although I certainly can't understand it in all ways, I think I will be able to reach out to the black woman hire in my department some years down the road, and understand what she's going through on some level. Not completely, because I won't be able to share a whole history of race oppression. But I would know what it feels like to be hired for affirmative action purposes.

BD: Many of these conflicts we've been discussing do go back to attempts to increase the academic strength of the university. You can see that as the beginning of a time of

prostitution in which it participates, institutionalizes the sexuality of male supremacy, which fuses the eroticization of dominance and submission with the social construction of male and female. Gender is sexual. Pornography constitutes the meaning of that sexuality. Men treat women as whom they see women being. Pornography constructs who that is. Men's power over women means that the way men see women defines who women can be. Pornography is that way. (197)

"Our present 'Sunday School' morality...does not teach us to understand the complex relationship that exists between the discourse of pornography and the social institutionalization of female subordination."

The capstone of her argument is that a liberal morality, which would protect freedom of speech no matter what else is at stake, lacks a substantive critique of the distribution of social power and therefore cannot address the issue of the status of women. She points out that the First Amendment protects this hegemonic male discourse, and that women therefore do not have free speech under it. Her real point is that if there were a restriction of First Amendment rights on hegemonic pornographic discourse—a depriving of it—that act would be immensely threatening to the entire staging of female subordination in our culture. Her radical conclusion is that the free speech of men silences the free speech of women.

I believe she is right to observe that preserving First

Amendment rights on pornographic discourse without awareness of the underlying issue of women's status is to preserve the eroticization of dominance and submission at this moment in our history. And she is right to raise the discussion of pornography and censorship to this complex level. Fundamentalist Christian communities, and others like them, for all their abhorrence of pornography, have not taken us beyond the simplistic "decency," "taste," and "morality" argument to the root causes of an even greater evil. While our present "Sunday School"

morality teaches us to carefully discriminate our movies and reading materials, it does not teach us to understand the complex relationship that exists between the discourse of pornography and the social institutionalization of female subordination. Insofar as this fairly practical but unsophisticated set of moral codes does not do so, it leaves us relatively naive in the face of a vast number of media presentations which exploit women and women's sexuality. Hence, we are left without sufficiently sophisticated powers of discernment and often fail to recognize what is happening in seemingly harmless TV commercials, pop songs, G-rated movies, comic strips, news stories, children's fairy tales, luncheon speeches, or family jokes. Obviously we must take the initiative as good stewards and laborers in the vineyard to deepen our understanding of these issues. For this reason we must take such feminist theory seriously when it demonstrates so clearly its capacity to take us beyond the relatively simple issues of cuss words in *Catcher in the Rye*, or the vagaries of the Hollywood movie-rating system, to the complex interactions of culture, language, power, and gender. While I am not yet ready to abandon any of my First Amendment rights, I feel spiritually obligated to consider the inequities MacKinnon points out. As a woman, a Latter-day Saint, and a faculty member who hears far too many date rape and spouse abuse stories from women students, there is no longer much consolation in the constant reiteration of simplistic popular cultural pieties on the matter of pornography and censorship.

On "Firing the Canon": What We Profess and What We Do

by Gerhard Bach
VISITING PROFESSOR
OF ENGLISH

[Dr. Bach is a visiting professor from the University of Heidelberg, Germany. He has been at BYU since 1990, and will terminate his visit this spring.]

Not so very long ago in a country not so very far away, there lived a people who prized themselves for their Brightness, Youthfulness, and Uniqueness. Among their most prized possessions was a cannon which they had inherited, but no one remembered when or from whom. And they delighted in firing it off ever so often since the sound reverberated so forcefully from the surrounding mountains, which gave

their sense of uniqueness a special ring. One day their rulers decided the cannon should be displayed more prominently, and so they erected a pedestal on which to place it. While now it was easier to pay homage to the cannon, it was also harder to fire it off, and so the mountains did not reverberate as often any more. When it was noticed that out of habit people forgot to pay homage to the cannon on the pedestal whenever they passed by, it was decided to put a shrine around it. And so they built a shrine of great dimensions around it, and adoration was now made mandatory. Also, it was now altogether impossible to fire the cannon off any longer, and so the land fell silent.

Three endings are reported to this tale (depending on the narrative paradigm espoused by the storyteller):

(1) Everyone lived happily ever after.

(2) Everyone lived, more or less so.

(3) The cannon rusted, but the shrine kept its luster and eventually came to be adored itself. But the silence of the land disturbed some to such a degree that they wandered off into the mountains where they could hear the birds sing enchanting songs about far off lands where people were always firing off a multitude of shiny cannons, generating fireworks of unparalleled beauty and excitement. When this was reported to the guardians of the shrine, a strange dispute arose over the issue whether these birds were "birds of paradise" or "birds of strange plumage." And the longer that dispute continued, the more everyone lived, but less so.

greatly increased tension on campus. As people with greater academic aspirations were hired, as pressure was put on people to produce more, as efforts were undertaken to increase the diversity of the faculty—these things brought a lot of fear with them. People are afraid the university is becoming secularized, that's it's being overrun by heathens...

T-A: I love it that some people at this university think BYU is being overrun by politically correct thinkers. I mean, oh please (laughing).

BD: When we were interviewed by the reporter from the *New York Times* a few months ago, I tried to explain to him that many people on campus, and perhaps among

see "Campus" p. 16

"Outside" the Provinces

by James E. Faulconer

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY

We should argue more and hate less" —John Tanner

After the Romans conquered an area, they turned it into a province. They set up a boundary within which they administered their government, often through locals. "Provincials," therefore, were those who came from these conquered, outlying regions.

Because they were conquered by the Romans and because Rome, by conquering everyone, became the center of culture and power, to be from the provinces was to have a less-cultured, less-informed, more narrow understanding of things defined as less cultured and so on because it wasn't Roman. We still use the word provincial to describe someone of local or restricted interests and outlooks, and nobody wants to be provincial.

Most of us at BYU try very hard not to be from "the provinces," sometimes entirely too hard, sometimes so hard that we simply prove that we are, in fact, provincial. After all, Romans don't have to prove they're not provincial, only provincials do. Provincialism is a fact at BYU, and it commonly takes the form of an unreasonable reliance on authority; in other words, letting "the Romans" tell us what to think because we aren't confident in our own thinking. We are so afraid of having the "wrong" opinion that we get our opinions from someone else.

The reliance on authority is necessary. It is part of any intellectual work because no one has the time to investigate everything and, more importantly, because one must always begin reasoning and thinking from some basis not given by reason, in other words, from some authority. The danger of the university created by the Enlightenment is that in there is always the suggestion if not the out-and-out claim that reason can and should bow to no authority except that of reason as it manifests itself in the person doing the reasoning, which is just a more subtle and dangerous way of bowing to authority, usually the authority of a status quo, the authority of the Romans. On the other hand, when we rely on authority, as we always must, we also always run serious risks. If we are to have reasonable opinions, we must rely on authority, including and, at BYU, especially the authority of divine revelation and those we recognize as having divinely given authority. But our reliance on authority, whether religious or secular, can also tempt us to do or believe things that we don't need to believe or, even, that we shouldn't believe. The appeal to authority can become the easy answer to any question, including questions without easy answers.

The problematic appeal to authority is most obvious in discussions of religion, where anyone can stop or at least impede an interesting conversation on any topic by saying, "So-and-so said," and mentioning the name of a General Authority or a demi-Authority (usually a professor from BYU). But that problem is not confined to religious discussions; it's just not as obvious as in the others.

Students in my classes sometimes act as if they must know what I think about an issue in order to think about it themselves, and if I tell them what I think, they often end up sharing my view. I wish I could believe that is because I make such a convincing case, but too often they have taken up my view before I've even made the case or they are more convinced of a view I explain than I am, so I am skeptical. The more sophisticated among us seldom fall prey to fallacious appeals to General Authorities or even BYU professors. Instead, we pride ourselves on the fact that we do not rely on such people, as if a negative fact were really a virtue. Instead, we "prove" our points by dropping names like Rorty, Quine, Davidson, Wittgenstein, Heidegger, Derrida, or Levinas, if we teach philosophy, and other names if we teach other subjects. When we do that, we substitute one set of Romans for another, but we are just as provincial. The conquerors have defined the limits of our understanding.

As is often noted, at BYU we sometimes prove our provincialism by insisting (at least implicitly), not that "the world is our campus," but that our province is our world. It is relatively easy to become a big fish in BYU's relatively small pond, so faculty and students with some visibility here begin to think they really are somebody. And because our individual concerns are important to us, we begin to think that everybody else shares or at least ought to share those concerns. We worry, for instance, about the dress and grooming code (whether for or against it) as if it were of momentous importance.

Furthermore, like any good provincial, we worry about how what we have done will be accepted by the Romans. The faculty certainly worries: When a colleague of mine published a book with Oxford University Press and the book was hailed, in reputable journals, as a major scholarly contribution on the subject, one of BYU's promotion

committees had to have personal reviews of that work. They seemed afraid to make a judgment of the professor's academic ability without even more reassurance from some big-name Romans that he was doing well. I suspect that some of us have the feeling that anyone who would teach at BYU with us must not be very good. Students too worry:

believe there is a distance between us, when there may not be. The metaphor itself produces alienation.)

Similarly, in philosophy and literature, the worry about whether this or that is postmodern or feminist or what-have-you is provincialism. Some worry, for example, that postmodernism at BYU is defeating us. Others worry

that if it we don't teach postmodernism, we won't be stylish (though we would hardly use that word), as if we must get a passport to go beyond the boundaries set for the province by

some postmodern Roman. The latter worry is especially ironic when the point of postmodernism is to question (though not necessarily to destroy) provincial boundaries.

What is the alternative? Is it "I'm okay, you're okay" mush? The absence of intellectual rigor? Is it nothing but sweet smiles and acquiescence to what everyone else says? Must we begin every

"Most of us at BYU try very hard not to be from "the provinces," sometimes entirely too hard, sometimes so hard that we simply prove that we are, in fact, provincial."

either they want to remind us, too self-defensively, of just how wonderful BYU is and how everything about it is absolutely perfect, or, like some of the faculty, they take the more jaundiced view: any school that would accept me must be a second-rate place. (We rarely put the matter in quite those terms, but I think that's often the essence of our complaint.) We already know this is the provinces, we only have to make sure other people know that we know it is. Somehow that will prove that though we live in the provinces, we aren't provincials.

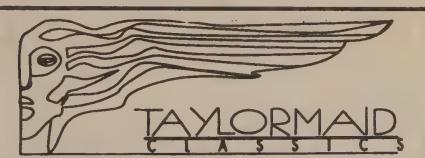
Once again politics is in the air at BYU, like spring and ragweed pollen, but it is almost always provincial politics. As anyone on the political left knows, those on the right who insist that the rest of us must share their opinions are provincial. (In fact, as anyone on the left knows, everyone on the right is provincial.) But provincialism isn't something that only certain of the culturally or politically conservative are guilty of. It is true that when those on the right offer the same old, tired, and often either irrelevant or merely hysterical arguments, they are provincial. Rather than think about the issues involved and about real solutions to the real problems presented, they refuse to leave the "safe" and comfortable confines of their intellectual province, and they probably do more damage than good. But it is also true that when those on the left (yes, Virginia, there are some of them at BYU—but you know that if you read *Student Review* or Will Grigg's right-wing polemics in the *Daily Herald*) resort to the same ridiculous charges against those on the right or insist that it is simply impossible for anyone but a moron to hold "right-wing" opinions, they insist on the boundaries of their province and they insist that there is nothing outside those boundaries. (And, I must say in passing, that the left/right metaphor bothers me. Its spatial character tends to make us

objection to another's idea with "That's a good question" or "That's a very interesting idea, Mr. Brown" I don't think so. I hope not (especially since I still don't believe that "there is no such thing as a bad question"). The answer is to quit allowing Romans to tell us what to think and do. There are a variety of Romans ever ready to conquer and rule over us, so there are a variety of ways we can be provincial. But neither having a position the same as that held by everyone else or having a different position than everyone else will save us from provincialism.

To be a provincial is to have been conquered by the dominant culture, to be governed by the conqueror even if governed negatively, by rebelling against the conqueror. To be provincial is to have narrow views, views confined to the borders of one's province, provinces created and dictated by the conqueror, whether one agrees with that conqueror or not.

Though we have allegiance to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I do not believe it has conquered us, we need not be provincials. In fact, the Gospel was given to liberate us from bondage to all

See "Outside" p. 15



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Thinking Again About Intellectual Freedom

by David Bohn

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF
POLITICAL SCIENCE

Last semester, Professor Gail Houston published an article on academic freedom in the *Student Review*. (See "Opinion," *Student Review*, November 4, 1992.) I believe her position on academic freedom at Brigham Young University, while no doubt deeply felt, is unjustifiable. Houston seems to understand the university as belonging in some sense to the faculty and subject to its governance. In addition, she advances a theory of radical freedom that would relieve teachers of any responsibility whatsoever for the impact of their ideas or behavior on the spiritual and ethical development of their students. On both counts, Houston's position is untenable.

To begin with, BYU can never belong to the faculty or the administration as a sort of private domain to be managed according to the prevailing ideologies and pressing interests of its members. The chartering mission of the university has been expressed countless times as teaching the wisdom of the world within the higher framing language of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ, a site of common testimony where the "youth of Zion" could study secular ideas, master related skills, and develop abilities and talents within a believing community. This ideal embodies the belief, long held among Latter-day Saints, that there is a harmony between reason and faith that directs us toward and inevitably works within a good life. Indeed, the separation of the two distorts how truth comes to light.

But the notion that secular understanding is necessarily inadequate unless harmonized with the sacred is not unique among Mormons. It is at the heart of the very idea of a University. It was true of fixed academics, as well as some of our oldest and most esteemed American institutions such as Yale and Harvard, which originally understood themselves as places where everyone was to consider the main end of their life and studies as that of knowing God and Jesus Christ, which is eternal life. Unfortunately in the course of the 19th and 20th centuries, these universities and others lost their spiritual moorings. Intellectual life has then been impoverished and its richness reduced as universities throughout America have been "colonized" by a secular discourse that exiles the larger domain of faith and morals to the margins of academic discussion.

For this reason, it is appropriate we re-examine what it means for us to be here at Brigham Young University. Here, as I see it, everyone—Board of Trustees, administration, faculty, students—stands in a *relationship of responsibility to one another*, bound by covenant. It involves obligations that cannot honestly be set aside to make room for private or professional vanities or abrogated by means of disingenuous appeals to an imaginary freedom without bound. These commitments are not imposed upon us. They are what bring us to BYU and thus secure the very opportunity and freedom to thoughtfully discuss the relationship of the spirit and the intellect, which is exactly why BYU was built in the first place. It is

because of these commitments, and the possibility of having such experiences as they allow for, that students and their parents have a right to expect teachers at BYU to endeavor to teach in a way that will reflect both intellectual integrity and loyalty to the Christian faith.

This overarching loyalty expressed in the relationship of responsibility that teachers have for their students is the critical issue. I do not believe it is the intention of the Board of Trustees to censor or coerce anyone. They do, however, properly expect the faculty to be faithful. This involves little reduction of intellectual freedom, because, in fact, there is little that cannot be taught here. As teachers, we are enjoined to teach our subject matter honestly and completely, knowing in advance that its content will not always be in agreement with the Church's beliefs. The Board of Trustees does, however, expect that teachers have forthrightly worked out whatever problems they might personally have with the materials they teach that bear in

rationalism, and the unwillingness to question rationalism's assumptions and claims. And it is in the light of this refusal that secular rationalism advances, on the ground of ideological thinking alone, the position that intellectual freedom can be achieved only when sacred discourse has been emasculated or excluded by a "higher," personal, rational exchange.

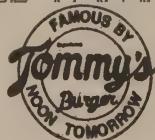
Professor Houston should be aware of the ideological character of Enlightenment discourse and its limits. Indeed, she uses postmodernism to criticize BYU's document on academic freedom on the grounds that it contains references to the Enlightenment. But strangely, then, she turns around and invokes the same deficient and discredited mode of discourse to work out her own position. Like most everybody else who has opposed the document, Houston bases her argument on a mythology that can be traced right back to the Enlightenment, where the quest for truth is portrayed as an instance of radical individuality or subjectivity. Here the individual is seen as courageously doubting the prejudice of received opinion and existing practice. Only the use of secular reason can bring one to the "truth," with the claims of faith and religion depicted (if at all) as ideas which exist solely satisfy the individual's "inner" need for meaning. And if, against all odds, religious belief is achieved in this doubting, independent world, it is seen as an irrational act: a leap in the dark arising out of some existential trauma, a subjective creation that exists as compelling only in the hidden recesses of the individual's soul.

Naturally, such a position would argue that faculty and students can only discover the truth by placing faith in question, and by taking a stand as an individual some distance from the teachings of the Church and the way of life in which those teachings are practiced. Supposedly, when this is done, a neutral space opens up in which the intellect can see its way clear to the truth. Since the discovery of the truth, particularly religious and moral truth, is always seen as a private act, it is something that must be done alone. According to Houston, it would actually be a violation of one's freedom to seek to influence another person's spiritual odyssey. Indeed, because faith is seen as a deeply private matter, Houston asserts that consequently we cannot be responsible for the choices that others make, either to believe or not to believe.

As I have written, the works of such postmodernists as Husserl, Heidegger, Gadamer, Derrida and many others have thoroughly undermined this position (see my article, "Pluralism at BYU," *Student Review*, December 13, 1990), but in so doing they have just as soundly undermined Houston's own radical subjectivity. They point out that we are historical beings and that there is no neutral space to which we can retreat in order to encounter the "real." Reason is not an autonomous faculty of the individual capable of apprehending objective truth on the basis of self-evidence, nor is there an objective or secular mode of discourse competent to frame the truth in some final way. In a sense, we are born into knowledge. Knowledge is always a possibility within a discursive community and constituent to a way of life which is already underway. Faith and reason are never absolutely separate and apart, but rather constitutive to each other. The attempt of Enlightenment rationalism to compartmentalize them into intellect and feeling only ends up concealing their necessarily relationship. We do not arrive at understanding as individuals: it is always within an inherited way of understanding into which we are born which holds out possibilities to us that we come to define the "world." Said differently, it is in our historical relatedness to each other that we have possibilities. My possibilities are never absolutely mine. They exist within a community, a network of relationships, a way of life and of understanding that came before me and will survive me. In this sense, it is in our relationships to each other that we help constitute each other's possibilities.

I think that we should understand the gospel in similar terms, doubting the radical individualism and subjectivism which characterizes Reformation ideas of grace and faith. We see in the scriptures a sequence of "restorations," in which God brings together and makes covenants with His people in order to reveal His Word. Understood this way, the truth is not a set of abstract ideas or principles, but the calling of a people to faithfully attend to a way of life in which the truth is a possibility. Professor Terry Warner properly observes that the scriptures

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most often use the word "truth" to signify...the way of life exemplified, prescribed, and guided by Jesus Christ.

This conception of truth preserves senses attached to the word from the earliest times of which we have record. For example, central to the original idea of being true was "steadfast... adherence to a commander or friend, to a principle or cause, ... faithful, loyal, constant, trusty," "honest, honourable, upright, virtuous, ... free from deceit, sincere" ("True," Oxford English Dictionary). And among the main original senses of "truth" was "troth"—a pledge or covenant of faithfulness made uprightly and without deceit ("Truth," OED). It is in the spirit of these ancient etymologies that Latter-day Saints believe that to walk in truth is to keep one's commitments to follow Christ's way. (Encyclopedia of Mormonism, IV:1490.)

As long as God's followers remain faithful to the way he has traced out for them, truth will be theirs in abundance. The way of life in which the truth is found is a way of service and love. We are taught to share our means with the poor, but also to share the "bread of life" with everyone. In the measure that we strive to be God's people, we will impart of our abundance with all of our fellow beings, and in doing so, open up possibilities that otherwise would not be there. The Doctrine and Covenants teaches that we are to bear each other up, teach each other in the "light of truth." (D&C:50:21-25) It counsels us to earnestly seek "the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given" (D&C:46:8-9). These gifts are not given as a whole to any individual, but to the Saints as a body. Not all gifts are given to every person, but each is to share... "in virtue and holiness..." what they have received (D&C 46:13-14). Indeed, contrary to Houston's contention, we are called on to open up the possibility of testimony to those who come our way.

So what does all this mean in our discussion of intellectual freedom? We began by affirming that Brigham Young University's chartering mission as always having been teaching the wisdom of the world within the language of the Restored Gospel; it was established to be a site of common testimony where the "youth of Zion" and all people of good will could gather and grow in knowledge. But a fullness of knowledge is not something obtained in the abstract reasoning of an isolated ego, but is something possible through our common willingness to live the Word and to stand with hands outstretched to embrace the wisdom of God. Since the very existence of such a fullness requires a believing community committed to a way of life that makes such truth a possibility, the Church has every right to establish boundaries that encourage the attainment of BYU's mission. May those boundaries be debated, discussed, even altered or abandoned over time? Certainly: such has always and will always be the case. But such "evolution" must always take place within the context of a believing community. To exit the commitment of community makes no sense, either philosophically or in regard to the very purpose of BYU.

Indeed, in choosing to come to BYU as faculty members and students, we are enjoined to so live, study and teach that we have an abundance to share with each other. This generosity, this "giving" of our plenty is an act of love and reveals why the pursuit of knowledge is both a spiritual and ethical endeavor. In a learning relationship, both teachers and students have much to give, and each is in need of what the other can impart. Of course we enact our own futures, but our lives are not unrelated. As teachers and students, we can go our ahead and open up possibilities for each other, possibilities that may not have been there before. We cannot pretend to withdraw from these obligations or fence them off so as to better pursue private aims without doing wrong. We were born into this world "already" responsible, and in coming to BYU we have freely chosen to become "do so."

For me, this is not simply an "academic" question. I have taught at BYU since 1971. My life has been made rich not only by my colleagues,

"Outside" from p. 13

conquerors and to turn us over to bondage to God; it offers us a way out of the provinces in which we so often find ourselves confined. But to be "out" of the provinces is not to have no opinion, as if the only possibility for thought is given by (or against) a conqueror. To be out of the provinces is to have an opinion that does not take part in the economy of conqueror and provincial. When we are "out" of the provinces, we have definite views, but they are not views that either acquiesce to or define themselves by rebellion against Roman, dominate and dominating views.

Non-provincial views come about in genuine response to genuine questions and difficulties. Those who hold non-provincial views have allegiances, but their primary allegiances are to other people, especially the personal God. Their allegiances are to humility and charitable action rather than to a particular position, though they do hold to particular positions. In fact, non-provincial thinkers are usually quite passionate about their views. They take definite positions on questions. They argue as well as they can for those positions. In other words, non-provincials may and probably do adhere to dogma (which isn't necessarily a dirty word), but non-dogmatically. Non-provincial thinkers remain humble and charitable, even in their confidence, even in their disagreement. That's something inconceivable to a provincial.

but also by the kind of relationship that BYU makes possible between teacher and student, not a relationship of secular rank or reputation, but rather of friendship and sharing. I guess I am simple enough to believe that God places people in our path to serve, that in a sense we are given to each other. As I walk across campus to my classes, I survey an unending multitude of young people. Yet I know that the name of each one is known to God. Each has a beautiful soul and a lifetime of challenges ahead. In such moments, I am grateful for the bond that allows us as sisters and brothers to be a part of each other's lives. Having received so much, I realize that the real question for me is not one of intellectual freedom, but of seeking to live in such a way that I will have something to give. ☺

A version of this article was given as a VISION lecture, March 17, 1993.

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At BYU, I think we too often lack humility and charity, not only charity for those less fortunate than ourselves, but charity for those who disagree and the humility not to set ourselves up as standards of truth or righteousness. Charity requires that we listen and respond. It does not require that we agree. Humility requires that, even in our confidence, we leave open the possibility that we are wrong in some way, even if we cannot conceive that we are absolutely wrong. Charity requires that we give those with whom we disagree as much credence as possible, that we assume that however wrong they are, there must be some sense in which what they say is a reflection of divinity and that in (almost) every case they too are motivated by a desire for the truth. Humility requires that we even consider that they might be right, perhaps even absolutely right. ☺

Once in a while, the average BYU student is able to break free from the bondage of school and work in order to enjoy a spring afternoon. He becomes a raging monster, crying for blood while watching his cohorts engage in physical combat. The game is Lacrosse. The time is noon Saturday. The place is Helaman Field.

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Typical Date AFTER "Tomorrow's Friends"



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Age: 24
Interest: Outdoor sports, Old movies, Hiking, & YOU.
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Madonna's "Stabat Mater," Kristeva's "Truth or Dare"

by Cecilia Konchar Farr,

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

Madonna's film *Truth or Dare* is, we've all heard, autobiographical. It follows the singer/actor on a concert tour and into her past—to her mother's grave, to her hometown outside Detroit—and into her relationships, with her father, her brothers, her dancers (whom she calls her children), and, perhaps most memorably, her best friend and surrogate mother from childhood. It is Madonna's "Stabat Mater," *Stands the Mother*, her exploration of symbolic, religious, biological, and emotional mothering.

Julia Kristeva's essay "Stabat Mater" is also autobiographical. In fact, I've heard from theorists of the elitist type that this 1977 essay was the beginning of the end for Kristeva [a contemporary French feminist literary theorist]. She started talking about motherhood and went soft. No more serious thinking could possibly come from a woman who could recount, however theoretically or blessedly intellectualized, the rather graphic details of childbirth. It is, we're reminded, always daring for women to speak the truth about our lives and, especially, about our bodies.

Both of these texts, then, are autobiographical—both self-conscious constructions of a woman's life, both graphic with reference to the body, and both are about motherhood. This is, of course, not as new theme in feminist literary or cultural criticism. What I find striking, however, is the postmodern twist I find in these two texts. That twist is my realization that even when we quit searching for our transcendent or essential "Selves" and start constructing selves we still encounter our mothers on the way. No matter how we identify the endeavor, as quest or creation, it still leads us to our mothers. (This realization is perhaps colored by the fact that I am a new mother myself, so it's seemed a rather compelling subject lately.)

Kristeva holds that "real female innovation (in whatever social field) will come about when maternity, female creation and the link between them are better understood." She argues in "Stabat Mater" that "due to the demise of the cult of the Virgin [Madonna, of course], we are left without a satisfactory discourse on motherhood." If ethics amount to not avoiding the embarrassing and inevitable problematics of the law, she concludes, then "its reformulation demands the contribution of women. Of women who harbor the desire to reproduce. Of women who are available so that our speaking species, which knows its mortal, might withstand death. Of mothers." Lest we open fire with charges of essentialism and "backlash mentality," let me just explain briefly that it is Kristeva's desire to avoid essentialist definitions of the female that leads her to the subject of motherhood in the first place. "If it is not possible," she writes, "to say of a woman what she is (without running the risk of abolishing her difference), would it perhaps be different concerning the mother, since that is the only function of the 'other sex' to which we can

definitely attribute existence?" Kristeva attempts to approach the experience of motherhood in our culture, not its idealized religious and secular representations. This discussion of motherhood, she argues, must be a part of the feminist project. "One needs to listen, more carefully than ever, to what mothers are saying today, through their economic difficulties and...through their discomforts, insomnias, joys, angers, desires, pains and pleasures. One might in a similar fashion, try better to understand the incredible construct of the Maternal that the West elaborated by means of the Virgin."

And speaking of the Virgin—I think most of us are familiar with the ways in which our postmodern Madonna



has used the religious imagery of her namesake to explore contemporary themes. Her "Like a Prayer" video, in which she is mother-daughter-bride to a Black Christ, was especially controversial. Feminist critics have also discussed Madonna's challenge to Puritan sexual mores and her celebration of female sensuality. Those of us who study autobiography can't resist (what I call) Madonna's "construction sights"—her self-revelations in music, on film, and, with *Sex*, in print (literally) bare all but (actually) reveal nothing. But few critics have talked about Madonna's play with the maternal imagery that is perhaps the most compelling of all the allusions we take from her name.

Truth or Dare begins with Madonna cleaning up around the house and ends with her tucking her children in. O.K., so the house is not Ward Cleaver's but a hotel room on the road, and her children are not 2.4 blonde-blue-eyed angels but a group of dancers whose genders and ethnicities are problematized repeatedly in the film. But all the same, Madonna exclaims, "My God, I love having children to watch over." She explains early in the film that she has "unconsciously chosen" to surround herself on the tour with "people who are emotionally crippled in some way." She likes to "mother people," she says, because "I feel the need in me to be mothered."

At least two scenes from the film feature Madonna being mothered rather than mothering. The first,

Madonna's encounter with surrogate mother Moira McFarlane, a slightly older playmate from her childhood, segues into the second, Madonna's exploration of her ties to her biological mother as she visits her gravesite. The song from this scene, "Little Girl," sung with pathos and what passes for pain, constructs Madonna as the vulnerable five-year-old. But the truth of this seemingly most autobiographical moment is undermined by its context. One, this is, as we say, "only a movie," i.e., a construction, a fiction. Two, the preceding scene with Moira has the two women delivering quite different accounts of their adolescent sexuality. Who is telling the truth? What is the truth? And, most importantly, can we believe Madonna?

Of course not. And for that matter, who is Madonna? Part of what I find interesting about this scene is the obvious creation of Madonna's media-aware self-image. Someone is always watching her, as her brother does in the scene at their mother's grave, and as the camera does constantly. At one point in the film Warren Beatty points out that Madonna "doesn't want to live off camera" and wonders why Madonna "would say anything if it wasn't on camera. What's the point?"

The point is, as I've learned from my postmodern students, we all construct ourselves as media texts. We come into being because someone is watching or because we're in a social situation that requires certain behaviors. Our borders of self-definition, as the theorists say, are not as clear as they used to be when we had recourse to the transcendent. We contradict ourselves. We contain multitudes—and the Energizer bunny could cruise by at any moment and let us know that this one reality we are sure of is as make-believe as the next. But into this chaos comes the mother, who, as Helene Cixous says, "makes everything right. Who will knock the wind out of the codes."

In this film, as in many contemporary autobiographical texts, motherhood becomes not a transcendent signifier but an organizing principle. And this organizing principle seems to lead to a postmodern maternal ethics, similar and different from those outlined by Sarah Ruddick and others. It may be an ethics based, as Kristeva suggests, on the experience of otherness-in-herself that women have in pregnancy. "There is him," she writes, "his own flesh, which was mine yesterday." And later, "Then there is this other abyss between the mother and the child. What connection is there between myself, or even more unassumingly between my body and this internal graft and fold, which, once the umbilical cord has been severed, is an inaccessibility other? My body and...him. No connection."

Madonna's maternal ethical principle, also one of respect for otherness, is stated perhaps less gracefully (but, as ever, with self-mocking irony) at the end of "Truth or Dare": "I'd kill anyone who hates women. I'd kill anyone who hates. I hate people who hate." She then proclaims repeatedly, maternally in the final scenes of both the film and the concert: "Keep people together—in the family." Then the lights go down and Madonna is alone on an empty stage. *Stabat Mater*. Stands the mother.

"Campus" from p. 12

the Board of Trustees?" Academic freedom finally comes down to what is determined to be fundamental Church doctrine. Anyone outside those doctrines is outside the bounds prescribed by the document. But fundamental Church doctrine will always be determined by the Board of Trustees. It will never be determined by the faculty or by individuals. So even for people who feel that they are well within the bounds of fundamental Church doctrine, if the Board decides they're not, there's no recourse for them.

T-A: He laughed his head off. He couldn't believe what we were saying. I guess my final statement on this is that you can't just have a commitment to diversity on paper.

SR: We've heard that BYU is considering discontinuing its practice of hiring non-Mormons.

T-A: I think they ought to.

BD: Some, obviously, are able to fit in better than others. On the whole question of academic freedom, the fact that people feel the need to produce documents in the first place indicates that tensions exist. For me, the fundamental question is, "Do

BYU faculty have the right to question or disagree with any ideas, attitudes, or statements of

the Board of Trustees?" Academic freedom finally comes down to what is determined to be fundamental Church doctrine.

Anyone outside those doctrines is outside the bounds prescribed by the document. But fundamental

Church doctrine will always be determined by the Board of Trustees. It will never be determined by the faculty or by individuals. So even for people who feel that they are well within the bounds of fundamental Church doctrine, if the Board decides they're not, there's no recourse for them.

SR: The statement says faculty can "analyze" words of Church leaders, but what will happen when a professor takes that at face value?

BD: It's difficult to discuss any proposition without suggesting alternatives or contradictory views, unless your discussion is simply one of constant

affirmation. Maybe right now is just a very tense time, and things will cool down on the subject, but I think the opposition is strong enough that they're not going to let it cool down. The radicals on campus aren't stirring things up. It's the conservatives—probably as much or more than any so-called "liberal Mormons." The conservative factions on campus, who are having their own symposia, starting their own clubs and organizations, and having their own "VISIONS"—they're not going to let it die down.

T-A: I think it all comes down to women's issues. We thought for a while that it was about feminism, but, as one of our Physics professors recently said, "No, it's not about feminism, it's about women." It's very difficult for me, as a feminist scholar, to be at a place that won't allow a Pulitzer Prize-winning feminist

See "Feminist" p. 17

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Missing Dizzy And Sammy

by Ron Simpson
DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

Somehow in the hierarchy of sadness associated with loss of friends and loved ones, I seem to grieve particularly at the loss of role models who have helped point the way toward some of the things I've cared enough about to fashion a career around.

I lost a couple of great ones this month.

Dizzy Gillespie, always a major talent, started out as a "buffoon of bop," leaving behind stories, real and invented, of pranks, such as sitting in the trumpet section and throwing an occasional dart in the direction of the unsuspecting derriere of legendary bandleader Cab Calloway.

In the glory days of bop, in the clubs along 52nd Street in New York, Gillespie was the co-leader, with Charlie Parker, of the band that probably was the strongest single force in the birth of what many still call "modern jazz."

With maturity, Diz grew into a delightful, generous spokesperson for jazz, devoting countless days to taking jazz into the schools, proving that music can be an incredible self-esteem booster to young players; and consenting to endless interviews, bringing jazz awareness to a vast mainstream media audience.

Next time in New York, in Diz's memory, I'll probably find my way down to the deli near 52nd Street and order his favorite matzoh ball soup.

Somewhat less publicized was the death, also this month, at age 79, of lyricist Sammy Cahn, a man closer than Dizzy to my day-to-day life in the world of songs. Among Sammy's best lyrics, maybe I'd choose "Call Me Irresponsible," or "The Things We Did Last Summer," but truth be told, what I loved most about Sammy Cahn was his focus, as he got older, as a champion of songwriters in the current age of a shrinking awareness and market for "pure songwriting."

Not an event could happen in the songwriters' world without Sammy taking notice and being there in the front row, and it seemed he had an innocent genius as a promoter. During his last few years, he undertook to breathe life into a nearly-forgotten organization, The Songwriter's Hall of Fame. He brought it heightened visibility, including black-tie fundraising galas at Radio City Music Hall, and more than its share of media coverage. When he introduced his Songwriter's Rhyming Dictionary (not a particularly big deal creatively), I reviewed it with gusto (getting "Cahned"!): "...unquestionably Cahn wins on charm. The opening, full of biographical

nostalgia, conjures up visual images of...Bing Crosby and longtime Cahn collaborator Jimmy Van Heusen...I'd buy the book for the introduction alone."

And then, when it was my turn to get involved nationally on an issue central to the careers of songwriters, Sammy's was, almost predictably, the first response. In a "Billboard" letter to the editor, immediately after my editorial appeared, Sammy wrote, "...thanks for giving space to Ron Simpson."

Thank YOU, Sammy. ☺

Feminist from p. 16

scholar [Laurel Thatcher Ulrich] to come and give a speech...

BD: ...and she is a Mormon with very good standing in the Church.

T-A: We've all racked our brains trying to figure out why she was refused...but I guess if she won a Pulitzer Prize, that means a man didn't.

BD: Women's issues aren't just one of the hot topics facing the Church, but American society at large.

T-A: As Stan Albrecht said to us a long time ago, it's the hardest, most troubling issue facing the Mormon church today.

BD: And one inherent reason is that the entire hierarchy is male. That makes it very difficult

for them to come to terms with this issue. I'm not suggesting that there's no good will—just that it's difficult. Society has changed very rapidly in recent decades, and a conservative organization like the Church has trouble adapting. Women are trying to make their own decisions instead of being told what to do by men.

T-A: That is scary. I mean, if I could tell people what to do, and they tried to take that power away from me, I'd be scared too. I was appalled and insulted by a lecture I received recently from an administrator about what is "proper" feminist theorizing, and what is improper—from a man who I can't imagine has done much research in feminist scholarship! It becomes crazy when you have people learning their feminism from Pat Robertson.

BD: When we talk about "political correctness" and silencing people who are in power have the temptation to silence those who disagree with them, regardless of whether they come from the left or the right. But at BYU, I don't see any examples of the so-called "left" wanting to silence or fire professors, or expel students who are from the right. I see them wanting to disagree, but not signs of them attempting to oust or isolate those who disagree with them. All those things, in reverse, have been done by the right against the left—in trying to stifle a club like VOICE, or to

isolate individual faculty members and organize nasty letter-writing campaigns against them. Everyone knows those things have happened against "liberal" professors.

T-A: Because of this, I've seen myself behave in some ways I'm ashamed of. I've gotten embroiled in some situations that have caused me to do things I regret, because I have been pushed to the limit.

BD: Sometimes when tensions are this high you have to stand back, take a deep breath, and remember the good things about the university, such as bright students and good colleagues. It wouldn't take that many structural changes to make BYU a more comfortable place for many faculty members.

T-A: Bill and I have said to each other about the academic freedom document, "What awful things could happen if they just said, 'Academic freedom—you have it.' What could possibly go so wrong?"

BD: What new anti-Christian courses would pop up on campus? How many diabolical deeds would be done in the name of academic freedom? The overall university wouldn't change at all, except that people would know that they could disagree with a colleague without it always becoming an issue of who's more righteous. They wouldn't be afraid anymore. They would be happy to work here. ☺

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Sports and Spirituality

by Lavell Edwards

HEAD FOOTBALL COACH

Steve Young and the offense break the huddle and go to the line of scrimmage. He surveys the defense and tries to ignore the huge, unfriendly masses of humanity directly in front of him. He drops back to pass, looks over the field, and as he lets go of the ball, is smashed to the ground by a 295 lb. defensive lineman. Not wanting to show his pain, Steve says, "Great hit, Bubba!" But Bubba doesn't get up. He pokes his finger into Steve's chest and says fiercely, "Are you a Mormon?" Shaking his head in bewilderment at this strange turn of events, Steve says, "Yeah!" "Are you sure you're a Mormon?" Bubba asks, poking him a couple more times. "Yeah, I'm sure! Now can I get up?" Players from both teams are coming to help, thinking there's trouble, so Bubba gets up and lets Steve return to the huddle.

A few plays later, Steve is running the ball, sweeping around the end, and he's clobbered on the sideline by a mountainous blur—Bubba! Ready to jump up, feigning physical well-being, Steve is once again pinned to the turf. "Are Mormons Christians?" Bubba demands. "Yes, we are," replies Steve, gasping for breath. "It's called the Church of Jesus Christ!" "Oh," responds Bubba, heaving his girth off of Steve.

Just before the half ends, Steve hands off to the fullback and heads up field to block. As the play moves to the left, a shadow

looms from the right and Bubba knocks Steve 10 feet through the air. Before Bubba has a chance to say a word, Steve says, "Bubba, I promise that right after the game, I'll meet with you and answer all your questions!" Just let me live till then!"

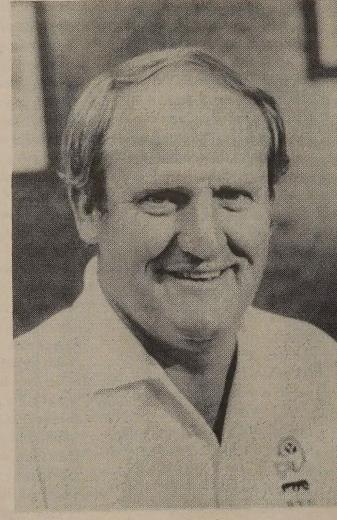
This is a fictionalized version of a true incident. Steve and the defensive lineman did visit after the game, and Steve lived to tell the tale. We've also had a player at BYU on the opposite side of the conversation ball. In 1974, when "Golden questions" were still in vogue with the LDS missionaries, BYU was

playing in its first bowl game, the Fiesta Bowl, in Arizona. Paul Linford was a big defensive

linebacker for BYU who still had the missionary zeal. The first time he hit the opposing quarterback, Paul asked him "What do you know about the Mormon

Church?" The next time he and the quarterback made contact, he followed up with, "Do you want to know more?"

Sports and spirituality at first might seem an odd mix. But you see players offering short prayers



before, during, and after games. Athletes often thank God for their physical talents and opportunities. The Fellowship of Christian Athletes is a huge and growing organization throughout the

and ready as possible, and to develop their talents to full potential. The goals are the same.

There is much to be learned through participation in sports, be it individual or team, formal or casual. I see athletes develop and share their strengths, grow in leadership and interpersonal skills, and learn and refine qualities like loyalty, perseverance, dependability, and respect. A lot of people have an aggressive side to their nature and certain sports allow them to expend that energy on the field so that they can be "normal" off the field. Ty Detmer is a great example of this. On the field, he is intense and competitive, but off, he is a rather quiet jester, a laid-back, spiritual family man.

A solid religious philosophy helps athletes keep proper perspective, to know what is important in life. The world isn't going to end if a team loses a contest; winning a game of H-O-R-S-E at all costs isn't worth losing a friend; a solid education and degree is a far more lasting and feasible result of an NCAA athletic scholarship than the off-chance of playing pro ball. From the time he became the "40 million dollar man," Steve Young has had to depend on his spiritual base to help him keep his priorities straight and make proper

goals for himself. This is true for all of us, no matter what facet of life we are talking about.

Probably one of the greatest lessons I have learned through football is enduring to the end. The 1980 "Miracle Bowl," our game against SMU in the Holiday Bowl, saw us 20 points down with less than four minutes left. We scored a touchdown, got an onside kick, scored again, stopped SMU's drive, and scored again on a "Hail Mary" pass from Jim McMahon to Clay Brown with three seconds left on the clock. The winning PAT was scored after time had run out. That game set the stage for many comebacks, including the gutsy performance by Robbie Bosco in the National Championship game and Ty Detmer bringing us back from 28 points down to tie San Diego State and win the WAC championship. For the coaches, players, and fans, such examples give inspiration to endure to the end in all areas of their lives, be it education, profession, relationships, or, most importantly, spirituality.

Sports can help build spiritual and religious character, and religious philosophy can make athletes better players through the formulation of their attitudes, work habits, priorities, and relationships. Athletics and spirituality make a great partnership and one that can become even stronger through awareness, example, and teaching.

*Name changed to protect Steve.

"Because" from p.4

power both to create and destroy others. Labeling others inferior renders them less than we are and makes it easier to judge, ridicule and even kill hundreds of thousands of them in political, economic or holy wars.

Perhaps another experience will help to illustrate the point I am trying to make. During my fieldwork in France, I was to interview a man who lives in a small village called Orbe in the Alsace region. His name was Bjorn Fuhler and his work was not especially pertinent to my research, but his life interested me all the same. He was a

Tibetan Buddhist, a follower of the now exiled Dalai Lama. Bjorn and his wife, Christianne, welcomed me into their home and I felt immediately comfortable. In the days which followed, I learned many things from both Bjorn and Christianne. With Christianne on a walk in the woods overlooking the little French village, I learned that the refurbished farmhouse where they live had been sold to them by an 80-year-old woman who harbored German

soldiers who had deserted the Nazi armies during World War II. From Bjorn, I learned of his personal struggle and turmoil to throw off the old self and how through the teachings of Buddha and the incarnation of Buddha in the Dalai Lama he had come to know a peace and tranquility which he had never experienced before in his life. We both wept as he shared his story. He then took me into his little sanctuary, his holy of holies, where he made a practice of meditating for an hour and a half early every morning and in the evening. We removed our shoes as we climbed into his sanctuary, for this was holy ground. He then explained to me the principle of meditation and breathing, after which we both communed together in meditation for what it seemed to be about an hour. I can't describe what that experience has meant to me. I was spiritually moved. I felt connected to Bjorn and the spiritual realm. I felt peace. I felt love.

Bjorn Fuhler had and has such a love, respect and reverence for life and all of earth's creations that he would not even harm the field mice who had taken up residence in his home. One evening, when we were eating together, a moth, attracted by the light over the kitchen table, started dancing above the food. Bjorn, in his jovial manner, was fascinated by the fluttering of the insect. He then cupped his huge, rough hands over the moth and sent it on its way outside. What would I have done? Well, I'm sure the moth would have become a smudge on the back of a newspaper. And this was a fundamental difference between Bjorn and myself.

Bjorn's interactions with other people and other living things were so genuine, honest, and loving that I couldn't imagine another person being so perfect, except for Christ himself. It was my perception that in his embracing of Buddhism, Bjorn had become in essence what a Christian should be. He became the embodiment of perfect love. I learned what it meant to be a Christian from this man.

While he and I were similar in our belief in transcendence, our theological differences were great, but we did not allow these differences to get between us. In fact, it was those differences which endeared him to me; it was because of those differences that I loved that man.

One rainy morning, Bjorn Fuhler and I stood silently waiting for my bus. His attempts at small talk only called attention to the fact that we were both hurting. For a few brief days we had succeeded in connecting our souls and now it was time to leave. The bus drove up, we embraced and I boarded. As he became smaller and smaller standing at the bus stop, I understood what the American author Wright Morris meant when he said that we as human beings all experience "the ache of the nameless longing," the desire to be connected, the desire to feel connected to other souls in both joy and grief.

This notion of loving because of difference is not limited to those who are different and outside of the Church. It is also prevalent when we are confronted with difference in the Church. While we may not have much ethnic or cultural diversity in the wards at BYU or in Utah, there is surprisingly much ideological diversity. This is evidenced by the number of students who have passed through my office seeking a listening heart, expressing the frustration of not having a voice and of feeling like strangers in their own home. Is there a place for them? Is there a place for me?

We are all beggars, as King Benjamin says. We all need love and we all need to love others. For in doing so we become a little closer to becoming god-like, a little closer to becoming perfected beings, a little closer to understanding another human being. Let us take off our cultural spectacles. "For now we see through a glass darkly..." (1st Corinthians 13:12). Let us love our neighbors, not in spite of who they are, but BECAUSE of who they are, because they are DIFFERENT, because they are children of God. ☺

How to Detect Hype of the name-brand type

Listen for words like IBM, Acer, Hewlett-Packard, Compaq, Dell, AST, Packard Bell, Gateway, Zeos, Everex, Northgate, NEC, and Zenith. Beware! These are names you'll find on the outside of the box, and pay extra for. What really counts are the names inside the box. Names like:

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"mind" from p. 7

Let's try this one: *For reasons particular to each, no theorist of the novel has been centrally interested in recurrent dialogue form. Bakhtin, who steers outside the usual dilemmas (formalism vs. antiformalism, invention vs. representation, structuralism vs. historicism) for a socially vital definition of the novel, though he points to Lucianic dialogue as a major source of the novel and implies the "dialogic" of true novelistic prose subverts the hierarchical "dialectic" of philosophy, is out to emphasize the unresolvable wildness of ideological and marketplace speech, the interference of plural consciousness and plural glossaries (A. Fogel, "Coerced Speech and Oedipus Dialogue Complex," Rethinking Bakhtin 173).*

Well maybe Bakhtin is just tough to understand (but no, this is just poorly written). So, let's try the famous Clifford Geertz: *A number of the curiosities that mark what lawyers tend to call legal anthropology and anthropologists the anthropology of law stem from this so near and yet so far relationship between those whose job, to quote Holmes, is to equip us with "what we want in order to appear before judges or...to keep...out of court" and those occupied, to quote Hoebel quoting Kluckhohn, with constructing a great mirror in which we can "look for [our] selves in [our] infinite variety" (C. Geertz, Local Knowledge 168).*

O.K. I can kind of follow that, maybe, barely. Now, in Latin America: *Globalization implies greater possibilities of social control. The pervasive reach of the media—especially television—into politics and everyday life, and the breakdown of political culture in the new social movements and in informal economies (whose most notorious example is narcotraffic), have made it impossible to interpolate convincingly the entirety of the *socius* on the basis of traditional master discourses (On Edge: The Crisis in Contemporary Latin American Culture, viii).*

This was pretty clear until the last two lines and then it "lost it" to jargon, obfuscation, and prepositions. It doesn't say anything important to me. Let's go back to Geertz: *The bearing of what one of these sorts of inquirer uncovers upon what the other sort does itself presents, of course, no small translation problem; one which, to the degree it can in fact be negotiated and the communities conceptually connected will doubtless bring something of a sea change in the thinking of both (C. Geertz 155).*

Come on Clifford, clean up your prose; cut out the dang "lard." See the film/read the book, *Revising Prose*.

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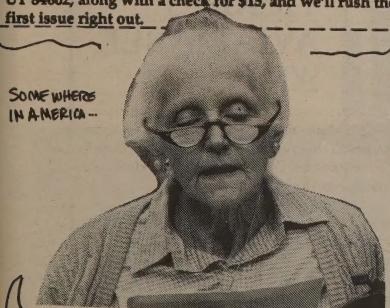
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The examples could go on (and on) forever, it seems. Try reading one or two of these aloud; the result is more humorous than insightful. And it's no small irony that the final quote comes from an essay titled "The Way We Think Now." If this writing really reflects the way we professors think, then we just as well admit that our thinking is in major trouble! What are we teaching our students? Does our research direct itself to them at all? Can they understand this stuff we turn out? I think we are much clearer than this in the classroom, but how about our written stuff?

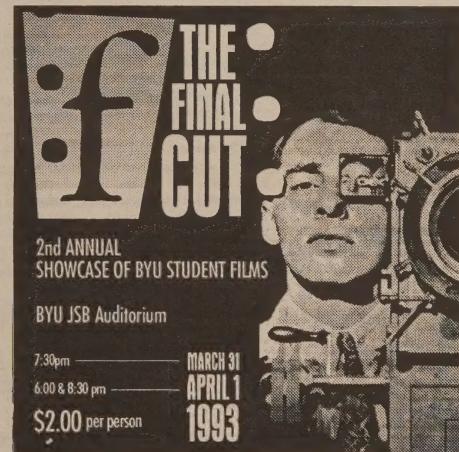
We have convinced ourselves that we (serious) university professors are the only ones doing serious criticism. Criticism has become an all-absorbing interest to us, its practitioners, and a matter of almost complete indifference or incomprehension to society and most of our students. The implications of this condition are serious. If we believe that universities (should) have some civilizing effect on society, as they historically have, then we have abandoned much of our humanizing mission to the world and to our students.

This critical elitism is largely an American-sponsored phenomenon. Granted, the critics may be from Russia, France, yes, especially France, or from other Western countries, but the United States is chiefly guilty of "aiding and abetting." A British observer, David Lodge, entitles the last chapter of his book *After Bakhtin*, "A Kind of Business: The Academic Critic in America." He notes the very big money that "big" critics get paid in big American universities, especially (private) institutions on the east and west coasts—Yale, Cornell, Duke, Virginia and also Berkeley, Irvine and Stanford. Not only has this esoteric critical system "questioned the idea of the canon and all the humanistic values associated with it, but it has done so in an arcane and jargon-ridden form of discourse that can only be understood after a long and strenuous initiation, if at all" (128, my emphasis). After reading the above cited examples of pretty lousy writing by pretty high-paid critics, I despair. I could have given other examples that are even much more jargon-ridden. Try these "critical" terms—and these are just ones I've (honestly) come across in the last two days as I've been thinking about this topic: *literary learning, communication processing, social constructionism, logocentrism, metalinguistic enterprise, figurative language, dialogic heteroglossia, etc.*

My concerns are many during this semester as I use my professional development leave to try to "develop." One of these concerns is how (or whether) literary criticism and linguistic criticism relate to life, to people, "folks" who voted for Perot (or Bush or Clinton). My concern is for clarity, understanding, comprehension. A campus friend, Ron Leavitt, recently shared a tragic note from *Science*. The article, "Research Papers: Who's Uncited Now?" discovered that 98% of the articles

which appear in humanities-type journals are never cited by anyone else in other humanities-type journals within five years after publication. Obviously this is not the only measure of the success of our research, but it is one important standard. It was already evident that our articles were not talking to the general public, not civilizing them; but apparently we are not talking to our colleagues either, at least not with sufficient insight to get them to build on our research. Then to whom are we talking? Perhaps Sartre (or Camus, etc.) was right—there is no one out there listening and we are profoundly alone. But have we caused our own isolation? Is it time in this "postmodern" era, in which just about anything goes (at least in art and literature), to question the "great ones" (Derrida, Bakhtin, Culler, Ricoeur, Foucault, etc. and etc.) and push for a more comprehensible, human oriented criticism? And could we do it, from our tiny frontier outpost in outback Utah? Why not?

Now sorry about the Flan reference in the title; it was intended to whet your appetite (pun). Borges discovered *Uqbar*, and hence *Tlon*, in the conjunction of an "unnerving mirror" and a "misleading encyclopedia." He summarizes that "things tend to duplicate themselves in *Tlon*. They tend at the same time to efface themselves..." "Contact with *Tlon* and the ways of *Tlon* have disintegrated this world... A scattered dynasty of scholars has changed the face of the world." Could this change and disintegration refer to the world we create in literary criticism? I enjoy reading Borges, but it's time to return some sense to our world of literary and linguistic criticism; I accept and admire the "biggies" but we "smallies" must also create our worlds. Comprehensible. Here. Now. For ourselves. For a public. For our students.



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CALENDAR

If you would like something in the calendar call Rebecca at 370-3223. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the week you would like it to appear in the calendar.

THEATRE
Shakespeare for my Father, with Lynn Redgrave, Mar 25, 8 pm, Symphony Hall, SLC, \$33-NOTE.

Julius

Caesar, Mar 25-Apr 10, Pardoe Theatre, BYU, 378-3875.

Anne of Green Gables, Mar 27-May 24, City Rep, SLC, \$32-6000.

I'll Remember You, now-April 5, Hale Center Theatre, SLC, 484-9257.

The Jungle, Book, now-April 5, City Rep, 532-6000.

The Educated Heart, now-April 19, Hale Center Theatre Orem, 226-8600.

The Fantasticks, now-May 1, 7:30 pm, Sundance, 225-4100.

The Garrens Comedy Troupe, Fridays and Saturdays, 7:30 pm, 2084 JKHB, BYU, \$1.00.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, 581-6961.

City Rep, 638 S. State St., SLC, 532-6000.

Children's Keep Theater, 105 E 100 N, Provo,

375-6834.

Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City, 649-9371.

Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main, SLC, 484-9257.

Hale Center Theatre, Orem, 225 W 400 N, Orem, 226-8600.

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E 300 S, SLC, 581-6961.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S State St., SLC, 364-5696.

Suggested donation of \$5.

All All Oxen Free, acoustic tape release concert, Mar 26 and 27, 8:30 pm, Pier 33 at the door.

Utah Symphony, performing pieces by Berlioz, Dvorak, Ravel, and Bartok, Mar 26 and 27,

8 pm, Symphony Hall, SLC, 533-NOTE.

Duane and Spanky, Mar 27, 9 pm, Mama's Cafè, 373-1525.

Dead Goat Saloon, Live music, 165 S. West Temple, SLC, 328-GOAT.

Zephyr, live shows nightly, 301 S West Temple, 355-CLUB.

CINEMA

The Final Cut: A Showcase of BYU Student Films, Mar 31, 7:30 pm, JSB Auditorium, BYU. \$2 at the door.

Bolivian Films, Mar 31, 321 ELWC, BYU. 10 am-5 pm, documentaries, 5 pm-6 pm, "Chuquago," 7 pm, "Amargo Mar," cost is 50 cents at the door. Movies have subtitles.

Underground Images Films, every Wednesday, 8 pm, 1170 Talmage Building, BYU.

Villa Theatre, 254 S. Main, Springville, 489-3088. \$1

Academy Theatre, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470.

Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Carillon Square The- atres, 224-5112.

Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

International Cinema, BYU, 378-5751.

Mani Central Square

Theatre, 374-6061.

Serra Theatre, 745 S.

State, Orem, 232-2560.

Tower Theatre, 875 E. 900 S. SLC, 359-9234.

Varsity Theatre, BYU campus, 378-3311.

OTHER

BYU Astronomy Club

presents "Evolutions on

Astronomy," Mar 26, 7:30 and

8:30 pm, 492 Eyring Science

Center, BYU. \$1.

Panel of International Journalists, Mar 26, 2:30-4:30 pm, Margetts Theatre, BYU.

BYU Lacrosse vs.

Colorado State, Mar 27, 12 noon, Helaman Field, Free.

James Q. Wilson will speak on the moral dimension of human nature, Mar 30, 11 am, Marriott Center, BYU.

KHQN Radio and

Krishna Temple open house

every Sunday at 6 pm.

Includes mantra meditation, films, and a vegetarian feast. Call 789-4359 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.

Monday night poetry, 7-8 pm, at Cafe Haven, 1605 S. State Orem.

Massages, full body, full hour, \$16, call 359-2528.

Geneva Steel Plant

Tours, MTUWF at 9:00 a.m.

and 1:00 p.m., 227-9240.

Hansen Planetarium, 15 S. State, SLC. Shows include

Laser Beadies, Laser Bowie, Laser Zeppelin, Laser Rock, Laserlight IV and Laser Floyd. Info 538-2098.

Readings of local women writers, Mondays, A Woman's Place Bookstore, 1400 Foothill Drive #240, Foothill Village, SLC, free, call 583-6431.

Family History Center

Classes, Every 2nd and 4th

Sunday, HBLB Library, BYU.

CHILDREN

The Complete Works of Winnie the Pooh, Mondays,

6:30 pm, Classical 89 FM.

Story Hour, Tues. Wed., Thurs. 10 am, and

11 am, Provo Library, age 3-4.

After School Special, Thursdays, 3:30 p.m. - 4:30

p.m. Provo Library.

Saturday Safaris, every Saturday, Bean Life Science Museum, 10 am, \$6, 378-5051.

USEFUL TELEPHONE NUMBERS

White House, 202-456-1414.

Governor, 538-1000.

Center for Women and Children in Crisis, 374-9351.

Ask-A-Nurse, 377-6488.

Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.

Dial-A-Story, 379-6675.

Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000.

People Who Care, family and friends of homosexuals, 373-5980.

Utah National Forest, 377-5780.

Peace Corps Recruiting Office, 581-5100.

Provo Canyon Info, 370-8393.

Cancer Information Service, 1800-4-CANCER

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.

UTA, 375-4636.

Habitat for Humanity Hotline (BYU chapter), 371-3368.

Sierra Club Hotline, latest national environmental news, 202-547-5550.

Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.

LDS Social Services, 378-7620.

Time and Temperature, 373-9120.

AIDS Hotline, 1800-AIDS-411.

United Way, volunteer opportunities, 374-6400.

EDITOR'S PICK

A good choice for Friday night this weekend is the Benefit for Bosnia concert March 26 at Mama's Cafè. Please your ears with the sounds of Kim Simpson and Johnny Rowan. Please your tummy with an incredible veggie sandwich from Mama's kitchen. Please your conscience by making a \$5 donation at the door to help out our sisters and brothers in Bosnia.

On Saturday, support a fast-paced but lesser-known sport lacrosse. BYU will play Colorado State at noon on Helaman Field. Admission is free, and this is the team's only home game, so be sure to check it out.

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N 100 W, Provo, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N 168 W, SLC, 363-0525.

MUSIC
Folk Night, Mar 25, 9 pm, Mama's Cafè, 373-1525.

Salt Lake Symphony, Mar 25 and 27, 7:30 pm, Assembly Hall, Temple Square-Free.

BYU Singers, Mar 25, 7:30 pm, de Jong Concert Hall, BYU. Free.

Benefit for Bosnia, featuring Johnny Rowan and Kim Simpson, Mar 26, 9 pm, Mama's Cafè, 373-1525.

Music), presented by the BYU Bolivian Club, Mar 30, 7 pm, ELWC Ballroom, \$3.

Rich Dixon Jazz and Improv, Tuesdays, 8pm, Pier 54, Provo.

Opera on Classical 89 FM, Wednesdays, 7 pm.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, Thursdays, 8:00-9:30 pm.

Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Sundays, 9:30-10:00 a.m., Temple Square. Please be seated by 9:15 a.m.

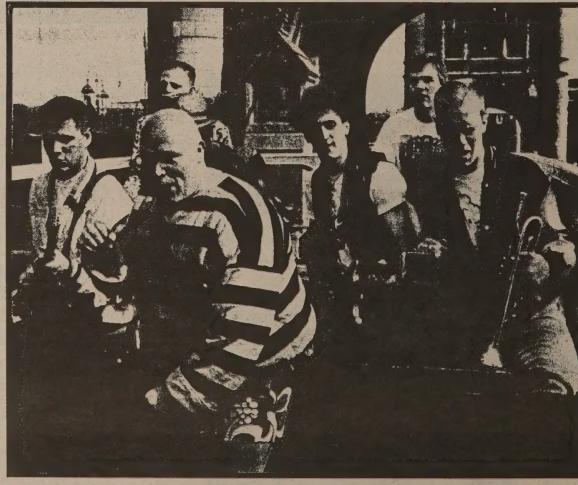
The Zephyr Club Presents: SKAMANIA

WITH:

AT THE
PROVO
ARMORY

MONDAY
APRIL 5TH

200 W.
500 N.



BAD MANNERS
AND SPECIAL GUESTS
STRETCH ARMSTRONG, AND INSATIABLE

TICKETS
AVAILIABLE
AT

SMITHTIX
AND
CRANDALL
AUDIO

\$15